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The Dublin Review

APRIL, MAY, JUNE, 1918

ROME AND JERUSALEM

THE magnificent edition of Tasso's Christian epic which lies before me as I write,* was brought out in 1724 by subscription among the chief peers of Britain; and to each Canto we see prefixed a full plate engraving, with arms of one of the noble subscribers, done by Bernardo Castelli and G. Vdr. Gucht. The work is dedicated to King George I, on the ground that the House of Brunswick and the House of Este were derived from a common origin. As in the First Canto the poet sings, this delightful production of the later Italian Muse acknowledged a patron and a hero in Alfonso II of Este, Duke of Ferrara; hence the glory reflected on a kindred line. Tasso himself, that victim of many passions and infinite wanderings, at last found out a peaceful hermitage in Rome; and on his tomb at Sant' Onofrio were laid wreaths of pious congratulation when the news came of Jerusalem delivered once more, in December, 1917. It is well for us to hear that strain again of the Catholic Æneid:

Canto l'armi pietose, e'l Capitano
Che'l gran sepolcro liberò di Christo.

Among the unforgotten years, in time to come, the one which we have just lived through will hold a signal place. Seldom did men look upon events so little like one another yet so pregnant of consequences as it bequeathed to history. The fall of the Romanoffs and the collapse of Russia have been attended by anarchies, futilities, treasons, and grotesque idealisms, more astounding than even

* *La Gierusalemme Liberata*. Di Torquato Tasso. In Londra: Appresso Giacob Tonson e Giovanni Watts. 1724.

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the Jacobin Revolution at its wildest could bring forth. To balance all this by sanity, resolve, and principle, by unexampled energies matching the wisest words, President Wilson, fulfilling what was written in this Review more than three years ago, has led the United States into action by way of executing righteous judgment on Hohenzollern and Habsburg.* The reverses and recovery on the Italian front will be set by and by in the thrilling story of "Venice Preserved" a second time from the foulest treachery. But it is to the East that the eyes of peoples and philosophers are drawn. For while in our too "positive" Western world we talk day and night of arms or food or money or trade, the brooding East meditates on religion, on destiny, on the Apocalypse. True indeed that by a coincidence which we may not call chance the year 1917 marks also the fourth centenary of Luther's attack on united Christendom, and writes the epitaph of Lutheranism as doctrine once for all. But what of religious systems long antecedent to Luther? What of Israel and Islam? Nay, some will be asking, What of Christianity itself? This fateful year has wheeled each and all of these opposed spiritual powers into a new orbit. Never again will they be simply the same as of old in their relations. They are moving towards a centre where they must meet—a centre and a goal in the divine plan, of which the name is Jerusalem. That is the crowning mercy of our age.

On December 9, 1917, the sacred city of Jews, Moslems and Christians opened its gates to a British and Allied force under General Allenby, without assault of arms, or slaughter of combatants, or dishonour to the Holy Places. It was exactly four hundred years since the Ottoman Turks had captured Jerusalem. The date of its recovery seemed auspicious to Hebrews, for they were keeping their Feast of Lights known as Hannukah, in memory of the deliverance wrought by Judas Maccabeus in 165 B.C., that is to say, 2,082 years ago, when the Temple was cleansed from Syrian idolatry and dedicated

* See DUBLIN REVIEW, January, 1915, "The Lesson of Louvain."

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anew to God's worship. Catholics rejoiced everywhere, even in the Central Empires; nor could they fail to observe that the hour of actual surrender nearly corresponded with the time when in the West, on that Sunday, the Mass of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception was taking place at our altars. To the vast crowds of indifferent or unbelieving moderns the event might still seem a wonder, a page of Holy Writ suddenly interpolating itself among the day's news, and hinting at unseen yet sovereign powers of the world to come. As for the Arabs, the children of Ishmael, how could they not lift up songs of thanksgiving when the Turk, their oppressor, went out of Zion, never, it was hoped, to return? These simple folk read in the British general's name their own word *Al Nebi*, the long-expected prophet; in his march across the desert from Egypt they saw the Nile symbolically flowing into the waters of Jordan. Their more learned men knew that the fall of Jerusalem could not but strike a blow at the Sultan's religious claims. In 1517, after the capture of the Holy City, Selim I advancing to Cairo took from the last of the Abbasides the insignia of the Caliphate, making himself by power of the sword God's Lieutenant or Commander of the Faithful—a dignity to which he had no more right than the meanest among his tribe. But now, thanks to British valour, Egypt owned no suzerain at Yildiz Kiosk. Moreover, the family of Mohammed was restored to its ancient privileges in Mecca and Medina, where the King of the Hejaz reigned. Even the other Holy Places, sacred to Ali and his house, in Irak Arabi—the pilgrim shrines of Kerbela and Meshed Ali—had been wrested from the Ottoman hordes. Thus the old, the genuine Islam would no longer be trodden under foot by infidel Young Turks. The triumph of the Cross found a hearty welcome awaiting it from millions who called Abraham their father and Moses or Mohammed their prophet. Jerusalem had become, in a larger sense than ever before, the joy of the whole earth.

But in Westminster Cathedral our choirs were soon

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heard chanting the mediæval hymn, *Urbs beata, Jerusalem*, which utters the highest interpretation of these great things, at once summing up history and sealing prophecy. For such is the peculiar glory of Zion ; it is an earthly city with most varied fortunes, but also the type and promise of the City of God. It was predestined from of old to rise and shine as the capital of the Fifth Monarchy beheld in vision by Daniel, of an everlasting kingdom and Paradise regained. The two cities are different, yet the same. For prophecy in the East is the equivalent of progress in the West. As Plato sketched his Republic, yet owned that the Hellenes of his day could not bring it to pass, and as he called it "a polity laid up in Heaven," so St. Paul distinguished between "that Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children," and that "Jerusalem which is above," and is "free, and the mother of us all." Plato declared that his ideal State might exist perchance somewhere in the boundless time to come, but not until philosophers would stoop to be kings. To the Jew, as he had been taught in the pages of Isaiah and the other seers, one king was promised, the Messiah ; there he read how "in the last days the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills ; and all nations shall flow into it. . . . For out of Zion shall go forth the Law, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

Whatever date be assigned by critics to these and the like anticipations, they are surely bold enough, and their fulfilment in history is real enough, to strike us with awe. We feel no less amazed at the piercing insight which they prove as regards the ethical advance of mankind than when we have grasped some of those physical laws which bind the universe together in ages and spaces appallingly distant. Plato's Republic still waits for the reign of philosophers ; but Hebraism, Islam, Christianity, are facts. Facts in their extent world-wide, if taken in a united view ; and in the past of mankind, though antagonist to one another, decisive by reason of some conquering and assimilating virtue which they never seem to lose.

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The Hellenes have ruled by ideas, by science, by art, by reason, visible and invisible. When civilized nations were in need of religion, they turned, as they ever must turn, to Zion. When Mohammed purged Mecca of its idols, the wonder-working cry which he lifted up, "There is no god but God," did no more than echo the daily creed of the Jew, which you will find to the letter in the Law and the Prophets. It is most brief, most peremptory, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord"; and again, "I am God, and there is none else"; and "Hearken unto me, O Jacob and Israel, my called; I am he; I am the first, I also am the last; and beside me there is no God."*

Now of synagogue, mosque, and church, this article—the great *Shema* which mankind must hear and repeat—is the corner-stone. From that foundation nought can be broken off; upon it every truth of religion stands firm. But while it contains a philosophy it has prevailed over sceptics, idolaters, and the heathen of the West, by what we may term the logic of history embodied in one race, planted in the Land so graciously called of Promise. We Christians believe in Christ, the very incarnation of Him who chose Israel for His people, Jerusalem for His dwelling-place. We make the Old Testament our own. To fix a great gulf between the Law and the Gospel is to plunge into the fatal deeps of Manicheism; "our God is one God," who forms the light and creates darkness. We bear the burden of an apologetic which dare not blot any single sentence in the "sacred library" and "treasury of books" comprising so vast, so various, and so human a record of experience, where the guidance of events to their issues, the sifting out of imperfect means, and the patience of the Eternal, warn us against rash judgment. The Divine plan cannot be denied. But in a perspective so far-reaching we may lose our measure of time and murmur because the Supreme is not, as we are, for hastening things. Yet who can imagine that if Salem was

* Read Galatians iv. 25-6; Isa. ii. 2, 3; Deut. vi. 4; Isa. xlv. 6, xlv. 9, xlviii. 12.

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meant to become the religious centre of Humanity, this would not imply a "secular scheme of ages," beginning in hidden ways and only by slow steps passing up into the light? On every line, it must have been so. The end is clear, for in design and partly in effect our eyes have seen it. As there was one God, not a multitude of Gods, in like manner there should be only one sanctuary and one temple.

On this creative limiting motive the whole story of Israel and Judah turns. It runs through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, now dimly discernible, during long periods almost forgotten, the source of division between the kingdom of David's heirs and the Ten Tribes. Then after national ruin it brings out the strength of Judaism at home or dispersed. The problem and tragedy of the New Testament may be stated in these terms, "How shall the City of David be transformed into the City of Christ?" Or, following the language of St. Paul and St. John, "How shall the earthly be changed to the heavenly Jerusalem?" Given the past which we know, by what principles and policy shall Israel be reconciled with Christendom?

Here it is that we touch the miraculous in history, which the spirit of an age happily departing could not endure. I say, then, that after fleeing for hundreds of years along paths of separation, it is to be hoped that all who revere Abraham as the "Friend of God" and "Father of the Faithful," will now, by these late memorable events, be brought home together on a returning orbit. The call of Abraham out of an idolatrous Babylonian world and the future destiny of Salem, are closely associated in the "Book of Origins," as Ewald translated the word "Genesis." A brief enigmatic episode tells of his encounter with a priest-king, Melchizedek, before the gates of that sanctuary. It shows the priest offering bread and wine, the chief of the Hebrews yielding him tenths of all that had been taken in battle. This meeting was an incident which sank deep into Israel's memory. When King David captured the hill-fortress of the

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Jebusites, he succeeded in the mind of his people to a dignity which was at once sacerdotal yet not Aaronic ; so much a famous Psalm demonstrates. The royal residence was advanced to be the dwelling-place of the Ark, homeless after Shiloh had been destroyed. With David's conquest this "city of stone, in a land of iron, under a sky of brass," forbidding and stern, yet, as its name denoted, a very sure refuge from earliest periods, was exalted above all the hills. Thus the holiness of Salem did not descend upon it by virtue of the Law of Moses. But owing to its gradual rise to pre-eminence, the monarchy of Judah, the Law, the other Scriptures, the future of Israel as prophet of the true and universal religion, were bound in one. We may broaden our view and, following the line of thought developed in the Epistle to the Hebrews, maintain that the "clean oblation" of Melchizedek foreshadowed an epoch when the priesthood of Aaron, the horror of bloody sacrifices and burnt offerings, should cease. For so it is that the Bible argues, not by abstract definitions or the cut and thrust of Socratic cross-examination, but by setting forth persons and happenings in historical relation ; and the whole is a drama with its causes, contrasts, and effects conspiring to a foreseen result.

I can remember when to draw inferences of this kind from the meeting forty-one centuries ago which brought Abraham and Melchizedek face to face on Zion's hill, would have been judged by many among the higher critics little short of insane. Not so now, when the existence of Salem as a sanctuary and of its priest-king in the Patriarch's time has been made credible by the parallel circumstances brought to light in the tablets of Tel-el-Amarna. The correspondence of such a royal person dated from "Urusalim," and addressed to the Pharaoh of Egypt, can be read in its Babylonian script, revealing a state of things about the year 1400 B.C., which may well have had its likeness in the days of Abraham and Hammurabi. The strength of my argument lies, however, in a fact not open to doubt. It is certain that the editors

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of the Hebrew Scriptures held the story to be authentic, at least three centuries before Christ was born. We cannot, indeed, pretend to know the origin of a dedication to such unique and supernatural dignity as the foremost races of men concede without hesitation to this one desolate shrine. Tacitus, beginning the dreadful tragedy of its doom, has written, *Sed quoniam famosæ urbis supremum diem tradituri sumus, congruens videtur primordia ejus aperire*. He then goes on to deliver an account of the Jews, their descent, history, religion, and morals, which is either ludicrously false or a caricature sketched by their most malignant enemies. It was not borrowed from Flavius Josephus, who "should have been," in the words of De Quincey, "the foremost authority with this historian for Jewish affairs. But enough remains to show that he was not." Yet even Tacitus, sceptical as regards Providence and abounding in scorn of a people so despicable—*gens despectissima* is what he calls them—had heard rumours of an oracle which promised them universal dominion. "Many were persuaded," he says in the often-quoted passage, "that in the ancient books of the priests it was contained how in that very time the East would prevail, and men setting out from Judæa were to become lords of the world. Which ambiguous statements," he concludes, "foretold Vespasian and Titus."*

It was not so; the oracles of Holy Writ were already fulfilled before the Flavian dynasty ruled in the Palatine or Josephus composed his servile narratives under their patronage. But the new order of things which was to pave the way for Christianity entered on a decisive stage when Jerusalem took possession of the Ark of the Covenant. A second and much more challenging step was the erection of Solomon's Temple. It soon became apparent that the immemorial Holy Places of Canaan were doomed to extinction, their altars, rites, and local priesthoods. The revolt of the Ten Tribes followed. For Jeroboam's uprising was not merely political. It never could be so in the antique world, where religion covered and conse-

* Tacitus, *Hist.*, V, i, 13.

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crated all that men did. The falling away of Israel from Judah, with its war-cry, "What part have we in David?" can best be rendered in modern language as a Conservative reaction. It was the battle of the Sanctuaries. Jeroboam, copying Aaron's protest in the wilderness and his worship of the golden calf, went back to the idolatrous emblems of which Mosaism strove to get free. The traditional cults of Bethel and Dan would not give way before Zion. Far more was at stake than tithes or taxes; more even than the mere succession of the House of David. It was not, when we look into the matter closely, the question, pure and simple, of rival gods. The spirit, the essence of man's religion, his idea of the Supreme, must be lifted from its baser level, and a pure heart made the condition of clean hands.

Prophetic Hebraism, now dawning through the divine cloud of Zion's Temple, had for its chief enemy nature-religion—not, be sure of it, the abstract "natural religion" dear to Paley or to Raymond de Sebonde—but a highly ornate ritual of lust and cruelty, founded on instincts held to be sacred because aboriginal in our constitution. The dreadful antagonist to the prophet was the priest, as he had long ministered before his god, whose true name was "Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood of human sacrifice and parents' tears." This was, in Micah's language, "the Lord's controversy," and he asked, as if personating Israel, with bitter irony, "Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" Should Jahweh become Himself as Baal, and children be passed through the fire to soften His fierce wrath? Nothing less than the abolition of such man-devouring rites, the enlightenment of the understanding which demanded them, was the age-long task of Hebraism rightly comprehended. Outside Jewry the splendid queen-cities, Tyre, Damascus, Babylon, were continually provoking Israel to sin after this manner. The kingdom of the Ten Tribes, known in cuneiform writings as the "Land of Omri," yielded to the seduction, rising at the same time to renown and splendour, while Judah,

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often tributary and after Solomon's glory not of much account among Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, ceased by degrees to hold out a strong resistance to its enemies ; and though escaping the doom which fell upon Israel and Samaria in 722 B.C., its own fate as a kingdom was only delayed, not evaded. True, but the more vital, nay, the essential, truth is not brought to light in this comparison. The brilliant career of the Northern monarchy went with a never-ceasing rebellion against the principles of the religion taught by Moses and centralized at Jerusalem. So much is undeniable, even though we grant to extreme critics all they have alleged concerning the date of Deuteronomy and the Priestly Code. The way of progress goes up to Mount Zion and thence it passes on. To Samaria, to Shechem, to Mount Gerizim, the world owes nothing of spiritual value. The great prophets of Israel fought against a State religion which set Jahweh and Baal side by side. The very name of Elijah claims that " the Lord, he is God " ; whereas to the population of these luxurious royal cities there were " lords many and gods many," all of whom it would be advisable to recognize by gift and prayer. Judah itself often proved false to its mission ; but a remnant carried on the work until Christ came.

Twice over has the destruction of Jerusalem turned out to be man's salvation ; and the text, " He that loseth his life shall find it "—that divine paradox—receives a meaning in the fortunes of the place the power and influence whereof were enhanced by events such as, in many another instance, have brought with them everlasting ruin. The wasted cities of the world, once great, who shall count ? But that " last day " of the Holy City of Zion which Tacitus dreamt he was recording, has not yet come. Its sieges and burnings and laying out as a bare field where no fruit grows have, in the past, led only to a larger stage in the biography of man, whose spiritual mother Salem was until Rome took her inheritance. Twice, I repeat, did this phoenix die, twice to be born again, though not in the same shape, from her ashes. When the kingdom of Israel fell and the Ten Tribes were led captive, the whole

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of the Bible which we now possess had been traced upon a design that henceforth would need, not further additions, but to be realized in the world's history, as in due course happened. The Law was written, the later prophets were delivering their message, the Temple had risen visibly above all other sanctuaries. Then in 586 B.C. the Babylonians put an end to the kingdom of David, and Jerusalem lay desolate near upon half a century. When it was restored under Cyrus, there came no more kings until the Maccabees crowned themselves with a diadem. Something quite original took their place, a synagogue or a church—a form of religion which was independent of the rise and fall of states, corresponding in one light to an ascetic order bound by vow, in another to a society of philosophers, in a third to a missionary effort, the scope of which was to make proselytes wherever the Jew travelled or settled down. The day of national religions was over. This came, I say, straight as a consequence from the fall of David's kingdom in 586 B.C. ; and how much it implied for the fact and idea of religious development who does not perceive ? The other, and still more momentous "last day" of the Holy City dawned when the Roman soldiers under Titus burnt the Temple, on the hundred and tenth day of the siege, which is reckoned by the Jews as the Ninth of Ab, otherwise August 10th, A.D. 70. If the first catastrophe transformed a nation into a church, the second released Jew and Christian alike from bondage to a ritual of blood, leaving them with sacred books, the Talmud and the Bible, free to pursue their divergent traditions, and both appealing to the same authority which, at last, was the Holy Spirit revealing Himself to the heart of man.

I may quote here an unexpected witness, M. Renan, who, in his *Antichrist*, has drawn out the historical implications of the final tragedy which swept away the Jerusalem of the Sanhedrin. "Over against Jesus, the ideal of goodness," he observes, "rises up a monstrous being who is the embodiment of evil. Reserved like Enoch and Elias to play his part in the world's last act, Nero completes the

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Christian mythology, inspires the first sacred book of the new canon, by a hideous massacre founds the primacy of the Roman Church, and sets on foot the revolution which is to make of Rome the Holy City, the second Jerusalem. At the same hour, by one of those mysterious coincidences which are not unknown in the great crises of mankind, Jerusalem is destroyed, the Temple passes away ; Christianity, more and more emancipated, is free henceforth from a vanquished Judaism, and works out its own destiny."

The ideals of a race, it has been suggested by the same author, are its fate. Speaking as religion bids us, we acknowledge in the history of Israel a divine call. Hence the prophecy of Balaam, so strikingly borne out, "Lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations." Tacitus had never heard the name of Balaam, but he writes, "Moses, in order to bind the race to him for the future, gave them rules (*ritus*) at once novel and contrary to other mortals'. All things are profane there which to us are sacred ; again, to them all is lawful which we hold to be unclean." "Their institutions," he goes on to remark, "sinister and polluted though they were, had influence by reason of their depravity. For the worst sort of men, leaving their fathers' religion, offered tribute in Judæa ; and so the Jewish power increased ; since they were stiffnecked in their belief, quick to feel for one another, and towards the rest of the world their hatred was that of enemies." This final trait unites Jews and Christians in the same condemnation ; it is the charge of "hatred to the human race" which the historian, in his *Annals*, records against the victims of Nero's persecution, an event that preceded the fall of Jerusalem by only a few years. Now the Jews were a clan, while Christians had been commanded to give up house and home, kindred and property, if they would be perfect. Why, then, the same indictment of both ?*

We must answer that, in a certain sense, it was just ; that Israel and the Christian Church aimed at an identical object, though taking contrary methods to attain it. Both

* *Hist.*, V, i, 2 ; *Annals*, 44.

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were inspired from the beginning by ideals of revolution which the established order of things could not endure, and its defenders did not comprehend. From Abraham to St. Paul we observe how this nobler faith appears as nonconformity ; how it turns the world upside down and, of necessity, is everywhere spoken against. Flight and exile, captivity and exodus, persecution and martyrdom, are words familiar to Israel down the ages in a dolorous litany which seldom falls dumb. To be strangers and pilgrims looking for a better land is the mark set upon these idealists, whose very definition it is that they cannot rest quiet under the tyranny of the real. Abraham rises up and goes out of Harran, not knowing whither, but resolute to have done with astral superstitions. Moses leads the people out of Egypt into the wilderness ; and the Law which he proclaims does, in truth, cut them off from civilization in one of its most brilliant periods. All Scripture is the record and the apology of a separation from the heathen which, though constantly attacked and often violated by kings, priests, and people, triumphed still in the end. For as De Quincey well warns us, "Intolerance the most ferocious may have been among the sublimest of duties when the truth was so intensely concentrated and so militant." This the greatest world-powers found to their amazement, the Roman no less than the Assyrian or the Seleucid. Jews might be slaughtered in thousands, Jerusalem burnt with fire, the Temple itself destroyed, not one stone left upon another, but the remnant that escaped would not be lost in the heathen State. Was it hatred of the human race that fenced them round as with a hedge of thorns ? But the genuine idealist does not hate ; he loves, and his love cannot be overcome while he clings to his ideal. The explanation which for ever unites Jew and Christian, not in one condemnation but in a divine task, lies open on the pages of the prophets of Israel. In them the Old and the New Testaments meet.

These ancient men, the founders of Christianity, were beyond question Hebrews by race and in cast of thought

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and language; not Hellenes or Persians at all. To their ethical teaching and spiritual interpretation of mankind's future, no Greek, not even Plato, has added anything essential. I cannot, therefore, agree with M. Renan where he limits the service of the Jewish and Arabian peoples to a negative, however important an achievement, that of "cutting away by a bold stroke the tangled web of old mythology." Neither can I recognize in the Pharisees alone, "narrow, full of hatred, governed by a strong spirit of exclusiveness," the only unmixed Israelites. How is it possible to discover in the religion of humanity which shines out of the greater prophecies, and which contemplates Egypt and Assyria no less than the children of Jacob as God's own inheritance, traces of any Western philosophy? The idea of a universal religion, I would maintain once for all, comes to us not from Athens, but from the tradition of Abraham and the schools of the Prophets. In separation lay its possibility, so long as outside the tribes of Israel polytheism reigned. The unity of God must ever be the first article in a religion of man. That separation had its dangers we know, and history shows. The Pharisee was, on principle, a separatist, according to his name. Yet even he would compass sea and land to make one proselyte, so clear was the direction in which prophecy moved. He felt persuaded that salvation was of the Jews; but in his pride and self-righteousness he had not yet caught a glimpse of the Pauline problem, not to speak of the Johannine. He failed to distinguish between the earthen vessel of the Law and its heavenly contents. He gloried in Jerusalem; but he was blind to its grander destiny, when the living soul of it, and not the piled or scattered stones, should draw nations like a magnet. Warnings legible enough might have been found in the sacred scrolls, had he dreamt of looking for them—lofty sayings of Isaiah, Micah, and Jeremiah, which transcended legalism and made of the whole earth God's tabernacle with men. Out of his own mouth, accustomed to recite these lessons, he stood condemned, though Socrates was not his judge, nor did he need the

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"Stoic severe" to teach him that one Divine nature governed the universe, and that men were sprung of a single stock, enlightened by the same Supreme Reason. These things, in a vehement living Hebrew, which has mastered every language it was poured into, the Pharisee read on each Sabbath day in his synagogue.

While I never could affirm with such German thinkers as the once famous Baron Bunsen, or even with Schleiermacher, that "the gradual perfection of Christianity consists in passing farther and farther from its Jewish elements to make the genius of the Indo-European prevail within it," I willingly admit that Jerusalem has become the capital of religion and mankind by the imperial virtue of Rome; and that is surely the confession of a divine call likewise to the West. Always, however, the historic fact is plain, which was set down by St. Paul in characters not to be effaced, "The Greeks seek wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, the power and wisdom of God." Revelation and the Revealer we know by the Hebrews alone. Philosophy could not heal human ills; neither did science or policy possess the secret—though reason sprang up divinely equipped in Athens, and Roman Law is universal Justice. On the other hand, let us note with a distinguished writer, himself of Hebrew descent, that "the Jewish genius was not political, however great their statesmen have been, when assimilated to empires." And once more, "The Jews, in yearning after a Theocracy, never founded a State."* The remarkable word, Theocracy, was invented by Josephus. It answered, in the days when he was composing his various works, to the Roman Principdom alone, with its Pontifex Maximus. But in the Papacy it found a more exact, as well as a more spiritual fulfilment. And the Papacy succeeded where the Jerusalem of the Pharisees went up in flame and smoke, perishing because it had not known its day. By the most tragic of all delusions, it would not see in Jesus of Nazareth, who was the Son of Israel on every line of descent,

* W. Sichel, "Jerusalem Delivered," in *Nineteenth Century and After*, January, 1918.

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that ideal realized of the Servant of Jahweh, in whom the race should blossom and bear everlasting fruit.

Prophecies are shown to be true when the event corresponds to the anticipations which they have raised, or even exceeds them. And through the Son of Mary this world-wide diffusion of Hebrew religion took to itself its great power and reigned. But how did Christ triumph? Certainly in Rome, and through the Roman Empire, baptized, and for ever signed with His Cross. St. Peter who was a Jew, says M. Renan, gave the Roman Church its supreme place in Christendom. The poor Syrian emigrant, who found a home in the Ghetto beyond Tiber, at the foot of the Janiculum, began in effect that supernatural dynasty which succeeded to all the splendour and more than the prerogatives of the Cæsars. Glancing back over the progress of the new religion—which yet was Judaism in its universal aspect, with its Divine Object revealed in a human form—we watch it as it advances from Jerusalem to Antioch, from Antioch to Ephesus, from Ephesus to Rome. And at Rome the chief Apostles, Hebrew in every fibre, not Greek nor Italian, meet in their several ways to suffer martyrdom. The Arch of Titus commemorates to this day the fall of the earthly Zion, the passing of the Temple. But the heavenly Jerusalem was destined to conquer the Babylon of St. John's Apocalypse; and the victory of heathendom is visibly cancelled by the Christian inscription on the Arch of Constantine, by the standard known as the Labarum, and by the cross which converts the Roman legions into crusaders. In such a marvellous manner, and not otherwise, did Judaism become the faith and the aspiration of the civilized world.

I have grasped the chain of Christian development where it emerges from the darkness of almost legendary times. If I take it at the modern link of yesterday, I can quote an author who, speaking of the years during which Barbarians came down upon the Rome of the Cæsars, writes, "When Jerome died at Bethlehem (A.D. 420) . . . the series of historic and didactic books

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which form our present Bible (including the Apocalypse) were established in and above the nascent thought of the noblest races of men living on the terrestrial globe, as a direct message to them from its Maker, containing whatever it was necessary for them to learn of His purposes towards them; and commanding or advising, with divine authority and infallible wisdom, all that was best for them to do, and happiest to desire." Note well, however, says Ruskin (whose manner of speech the reader will have found out), "that the gist of it lies, not in the translation of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures"—he is referring to St. Jerome's Vulgate—"into an easier and a common language, but in their presentation to the Church as of common authority."* That could be done by no power on earth except Papal Rome. The Judaism which turned away from its admittedly noblest son, worthy on all accounts to be held the Messiah, brought to men for their comfort and enlightenment the Talmud. But Rome gave to Latin, Goth, Frank, Celt, and Saxon, the Bible. It made the voice of Moses and the Prophets audible to the listening earth. It enlarged Hebraism until the religion of Israel had won the name and œcumenical jurisdiction of the Catholic Church.

No afterclap of revolution can repeal history. These things have been; therefore they are now; and who will venture to predict a future independent of them? Jerusalem appeared to die under the blows of Titus; but Rome was preparing to take up the burden that had proved too heavy for Sadducee and Pharisee. In ways obscure, yet certain, the immense transformation, lasting over centuries, was brought about. The Empire put on the semblance of a Church; and when the dwindling shadows of Cæsar melted into the dark which came down with Vandal, Frank, and Hun, the Church revealed itself as a Theocracy, but not in accordance with any previous type. I grant that its hierarchy was moulded on the secular administration; its Canon Law borrowed much from the Roman code of jurisprudence; its sacred Books

* Ruskin, Works, Vol. XXXIII, pp. 109-11, *The Bible of Amiens*.

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came from the Jews ; and the Papal Monarchy claimed all the powers given from on high to the Prophets in their dealings with earthly thrones and dominations. Nevertheless, St. Peter's successor did not call himself "King of kings," but "Servant of the Servants of God." Neither did the Pope directly claim the sword of the flesh ; he maintained, however—and it was the teaching of Gregory VII and Innocent III long ere Boniface VIII laid it down in the Bull *Unam Sanctam*—that "both swords, the temporal and spiritual, are in the power of the Church, to be wielded, the one by the hand of the priest, the other by the hand of kings and knights, but at the will and sufferance of the priest. . . . For, the truth bearing witness, it is incumbent on the spiritual to establish the earthly power, and to judge it if it be not good." To cite once more a late English philosopher, "A rule of religion must be," on these enunciations, "a rule of law." Not only so, but the rule of religion thus enforced at the Church's bidding is not bounded by the mere interest of the State. Its object lies in the future ; it is nothing else than the coming of God's Kingdom. The Papal Theocracy opens the way to the Fifth Monarchy, of which it is a beginning and foretaste. Rome is the image, as Jerusalem was the shadow, of the City whose glories St. John depicted in the closing chapters of his Revelation.

To brand the mediæval Theocracy as "an armed religion, violent, imperious, and not to be argued with," is no doubt very tempting, if you keep in sight and for comparison a world such as we lived in yesterday, where the settled order of things was held together by law, without visible constraint or the warfare which constituted the life and soul of feudalism. But the nations of the West were converted and willingly subject to Rome, when the Pope acted as their suzerain. In the last resort his appeal was to their religion ; and they obeyed him because they were Christians. The Holy Roman Empire, in design at least, was an effort to establish peace on earth among the faithful of the West. The Emperor was God's lieutenant in temporals. When, however,

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Christendom felt the shock of an enemy on all its fronts ; when Islam sprang up and the Eastern half of the orthodox world had suffered diminution, losing Egypt, Palestine, and Syria ; when Jerusalem passed under the Moslem yoke, and Omar the Caliph built a mosque on the site of Solomon's Temple ; when Spain was lost, France in danger, and Constantinople underwent siege after siege ; then it appeared how wisely on the European system a Captain-General had been chosen, who was more than a local prince, not the scion of some royal house, nor a chief that could die like any other man, but an abiding power vested in a supernatural dynasty. That " armed religion " with its theocratic Pope saved our civilization. If it put down the Albigenses who would have delivered us over to Manicheism, as it certainly did, in a struggle marked by greed and violence, it wrestled for seven centuries with a succession of Mohammedan invaders and finally drove them back to the borders of Asia.

Will any thoughtful student of history, any believer in freedom and progress according to Christian principles, affirm that the victory which the Holy See won by means of the Crusades, early and late, was not for the benefit of posterity ? M. Renan, whose objection I have been meeting in these reflections, shall give the answer. He thinks, and so do I, that the " Semitism " of the Old Testament which St. Peter and St. Paul brought to the West fell on good ground. Latins, Celts, Teutons, Norsemen, had qualities and a genius of such excellent promise, that the Gospel could ally itself with philosophy and learning, with law and science, in the nations it had subdued, and Europe has led the world onward in consequence. But Islam, he declares, " falling on a soil not of such admirable nature, has been, on the whole, hurtful rather than advantageous to mankind. It has ruined all by its dryness and desolating simplicity." In these words we may discover the justification of our " armed religion," whose leader was the Pope and whose soldiers took the cross to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from Mohammed.

One brief period there was in the life of this extra-

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ordinary man, a son of the Desert and a visionary who, by his dreams, has governed millions during thirteen hundred years—and who still reigns from Farther Asia to the Balkans—a period, I say, when he fixed on the sacred Temple-rock at Jerusalem for the central point to which all worshippers of the true God must direct their prayers. Mohammed was then a fugitive at Medina, not unwilling to cultivate the friendship of neighbouring Jewish princes; but his veneration of Abraham, Moses, and David was sincere enough to justify the choice. It did not last more than sixteen months; the Arabian prophet changed his Qiblah to Mecca, which he had selected at the first; and thus the Kaaba—the Holy House of the “times of ignorance,” with its black stone and well of Zemzem—became the world’s centre for Islam. A comparatively small thing this might appear, though not to one acquainted with the spirit of the East. I will venture to transcribe, with due reservations, the words of an English writer, Major Osborne, speaking of Islam under the Arabs. He observes thus (I keep his spelling of proper names): “There have been few incidents more disastrous in their consequences than this decree of Muhammad, changing the Kibla from Jerusalem to Mekkah. Had he remained true to his earlier and better faith, the Arabs would have entered the religious communities of the nations as peacemakers, not as enemies and destroyers. To Jews, Christians, and Muhammadans there would have been a single centre of holiness and devotion; but the Arab would have brought with him just that element of conviction which was needed to enlarge and vivify the preceding religions. To the Jews he would have been a living witness that the God Who spake in times past to their fathers still sent messengers to men, though not taken from the chosen seeds—the very testimony which they needed to rise out of the conception of a national deity to that of a God of all men. To the Christians, his deep and ardent conviction of God as a present living and working power would have been a voice calling them from their petty sectarian squabbles and

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virtual idolatry, to the presence of the living Christ. By the change of the Kibla, Islam was placed in direct antagonism to Judaism and Christianity.”*

That is well said. At all events, while the Temple was but a sad memory, and the Mosque of Omar could not rival the Kaaba, pilgrims from the setting sun braved all manner of perils to visit Calvary and to pray before the Holy Sepulchre. Their piety, their sufferings, kindled a mighty ardour of journey and battle in the breasts of their fellow-Christians at home. The Crusades were, indeed, that true Quest of the Sangraal, or march to the hidden city of Sarras, which, with its Celtic glamour, enchanted the later Middle Ages and has flung over the unbelieving Nineteenth Century a web of romance, brightly gleaming in the sunshine of love, faith, and chivalry. The Holy Land now became a region of the ideal, a Heaven not so far off but that brave warriors might reach it, if they would cross the seas and slay the Paynim who, with flaming swords, forbade its entrance to Christ's chosen knights. The Quest of the Sangraal is a mystic adventure, spiritual in its scope and meaning, as much beyond the “Jerusalem Delivered” of Tasso, charmingly as those lovely verses glide on, as the creative genius of Catholicism in its flower excels the waning century of the Renaissance. But the chief matter to be noted is this, that from the year A.D. 1000, and the French Pope, Sylvester II, down to and past the year 1700 and Clement XI, the Holy See never faltered nor drew back in the policy of recovering Jerusalem. When Godfrey of Bouillon broke his way in and fulfilled his vow, the hopes of Christendom were accomplished. But the feudal system, so little adapted to Western Asia, lost all in less than a hundred years, as, after the victories of the Fourth Crusade, the like dissensions ruined any prospect there might have been of perpetuating a Latin Empire on the shores of the Bosphorus.

Do these mediæval failures teach us a lesson? To my feeling they proclaim trumpet-tongued that, now Jerusalem is quit of the Turk, it must not be made the chessboard

* See Hughes, *Dict. of Islam*, sub voce “Qiblah,” p. 480.

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of national rivalries or of strife among the adherents of creeds too long set in array, too little studied for points of reconciliation. Let the "abode of Peace" justify its name. It is not without Providence that the last conquest of Zion has fallen to the British arms. For what our equal rule has done to establish peace amid the multitudinous nations and forms of religion in the Indian Empire, is a proof that we know how to resolve the hardest of political problems ; to suffer diversities in views of life and standards of conduct, while yet maintaining the unity of justice and the supremacy of law. Imperial Rome held Western Asia by a tenure not unlike, leaving its cities and its worships to manage their own affairs unmolested, so long as the paramount Power kept the world in peace. The Empire became rather a beneficent influence everywhere felt than a yoke laid upon the vanquished. Until the Arabs troubled that tranquil realm, it was rich, ordered, and a model in many respects of all that we understand by culture. Turks and Mongols completed its ruin, which will not soon be healed unless the British, confirmed by the voice of Europe and America in their administration, direct the great work from Jerusalem and Baghdad.

A still nobler work calls to the men of peace in Christendom, Jewry, and Islam ; that with insight and sympathy they should bend their efforts to know each other's doctrines and way of life as they truly are, upon the sound principle which Lord Bacon enunciated : " Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider." How much there is to do in these wide fields, and how lamentably little done ! Were it only to be well furnished in Bible, Talmud, Koran, on the part of those who, by station and learning, have the duty of guidance, who control policy, pillars of Church or State ; but more is needed, the rare faculty of entering into psychologies unlike our own, of granting the endless varieties of types without prejudice or disgust, and by patient understanding to clear a pathway towards agreement at last. For

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the events of December, 1917, have a prophetic drift and significance. Jerusalem is henceforth a meeting-place of those three forms or aspects of Hebraism, all founded on the Old Testament, which would seem to be hopelessly at variance. Yet they have too much in common to be everlastingly divided. If the prophets were the founders of Christianity, may we not argue that the Gospel which has taken its rise in Judaism will one day bestow its riches on the Moslem world ? Do we not perceive a hopeful beginning, quiet as the dawn, among the cultivated Mohammedans of India ? And Rome has not exhausted her mission to the East ; far from it, indeed. Rome inherits from Zion that treasure of life and faith which she is keeping for the day when the fulness of Israel shall enter in.

These thoughts lead us to the courts of Jerusalem, to Zionism as a solution of the Jewish problem, and to the future. We will take them up again with a prayer for peace : *Rogate quæ ad pacem sunt Jerusalem, et abundantia diligentibus te.*

WILLIAM BARRY.

SONNETS FROM THE PERSIAN*

I

THE voice from heaven crying in the night :
"My soul is weary of My lonely throne;
Unloved is He Who owns the world alone
In sole, supreme, and solitary might.
One crowning wonder yet remains to do ;
Behold I make this mean and crumbling clod
The loved and lover of almighty God,
Almighty in power, almighty in loving too.

Behold I call My creature, even thee,
The poor, the frail, the sinful, and the sad ;
And with My glory, I will make thee glad ;
Come unto Me, My friend, come unto Me !"

Even so the voice from heaven. I heard and came,
And veiled my face, and plunged into the flame.

* These translations are from Persian versions of the work of an Arab mystic, Husayn ibn Mansur al Hallaj, who lived at the beginning of the Tenth Century. If Wesley was the shadow of a Catholic Saint, in Husayn might be seen an adumbration of St. John of the Cross. His groping after the Incarnation, and his elation in a union of God with man, find free expression in the six poems now first published in Sir Cecil Spring-Rice's fine translations. Husayn, accused of supposing himself to be an Incarnation of the Deity, was crucified at Baghdad, and these verses were composed in the interval between his condemnation and his execution. They were the concern of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice during the last hours before he left Washington for immediate death in Ottawa. The unexpectedness of the conjunction recalls another instance of an Ambassador's linking-up of East and West—when Musurus Pasha, the Catholic Ambassador of Turkey in London, translated Dante into Greek. Mr. W. S. Lilly, in *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought* (mostly quoting from an article contributed by W. G. Palgrave to Vol. IV of *The Home and Foreign Review*), after citing Prince Ahmed as "this St. Alexius of Islam," says: "In the next century we come on the great name of the martyr, Hosan-el-Hallâj. He suffered at Baghdad, though not till he had founded a new and well-defined school of doctrine. It is related of him that his fasts were prolonged to three or four continuous days, and were accompanied by ecstasies in which he was seen raised from the earth and surrounded by light. The distinctive note of his teaching was the freedom of the human will, a tenet which aroused against

Sonnets from the Persian

II

Last night I lived a mean and abject thing,
Content in bondage, glad and prison-bound,
With greedy fingers blindly groping round
For such brief comfort as the hour might bring.
To-day I am the North wind on the wing,
And the wide roaring of the clamorous sea,
And the huge heaven's calm immensity,
And all the bloom and music of the Spring.

I lived and loved. Now, is it life or death
Here in this new vast world wherein I move ?
Now, when the winds of heaven are my breath,
And the great sun the eye whereby I see ?
I live not in myself ; only in Thee.
Last night I loved. This morning I am Love.

III

The immortal stream that throbs in every vein
Of this My mortal frame of men and things :
The tide that surges in the hearts of Kings
And swells the teaming bosom of the main ;
The Spring that blossoms in the dusty plain—
Aye and the soul of many thousand Springs :—
Take it to make thy heart's imaginings ;
Take it to make the workings of thy brain.

Dost thou not feel the Force within thee move,
And tremble with the trembling of the skies ?
This fire which burns within thee, 'tis My love ;
My truth it is which lightens in thine eyes.
Thou art in Me, O friend ; and I in thee,
The light thou seest, and the eyes that see.

him much theological animosity. He was put to death under circumstances of revolting cruelty, and his last utterances amid his torments were an exhortation to those who stood around not to allow the spectacle to make them doubt of Divine goodness : ' God herein treats me as a friend treats his friend—He passes to me the Cup of suffering which He has first drunk Himself '—an enigmatical saying by the mouth of a Muslim, lending colour to the accusation of covert Christian teaching brought against him."

Sonnets from the Persian

IV

Who sings of love ? One moment let me lend
One broken fragment of my boundless store ;
One moment, let him stand beside the shore
Of Thee, my Ocean, and his songs will end
In shame and silence. O my Friend, my Friend,
Shall I keep craven silence, or be bold,
And Truth, Thy truth, O Lord of truth, be told ?—
Of how the Highest High can condescend,

And how the lowest low can rise and soar
Even to Thy Presence, even to Thy Heart,
O mightiest of the mighty (yet more dear
Than mighty), ever nearer and more near,
Until he is, and shall be evermore,
O mightiest of the mighty, what Thou art.

V

Nay, marvel not, good friends, to hear my tale :
Call it the vision of a restless night ;
You see me—what I am, a simple wight
Not greatly learned, old, and poor, and frail.
Then wherefore should you tremble and turn pale ?
I am no wearer of a kingly crown,
No sovereign lord to slay you with a frown,
No sceptred conqueror in bloody mail.

And yet in truth, last night, I was a king ;
Last night I sat upon a royal seat
With all the hosts of heaven at my feet.
Nay, good my masters, cease your murmuring.
Or slay me, if you will. For, were I slain,
This very night I shall be king again.

Sonnets from the Persian

VI

O poor, condemned, divine, and tortured thing !
Who is it gave the cup and bade thee drink ?
Who is it gave the thought and bade thee think ?
Have I not seen the heaven of heavens descend ?
Have I not heard the whirlwind thundering ?
Have I not felt the Shape draw near, and bend
Toward me ? It is He, the Lord, the King,
The Master,—aye the Master and the Friend.

Slayer, I hail thee with my dying breath,
Victor, I yield the fortress of my heart.
The doors fly open, and the poor lips part
Once more, and then no more, world without end.
The cup is poison, and the thought is death ;
And He that gives them, is He not the Friend ?

CECIL SPRING-RICE.

A NOTE ON SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE.

The late Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, who left Washington on Sunday, January 20th, left without Washington's knowledge. Except for a few friends and one official of State there was no one to bid farewell to the first British Ambassador in America who was born an Irishman. To depart in silence was a typical last request from a man who probably discounted his own success far more than his critics did. But of the sum of that success there can be no doubt. Anglo-American relations were never so delicate as after the outbreak of the war. Diplomacy becomes even more sensitive when nations are drawing together than in times of estrangement. Spring-Rice's tenure of the Embassy was the most stirring and critical in all its history.

The American idea of a British Ambassador has always been that of a pompous personage, residing in Washington, who was not at home on the Fourth of July, and who pulled down the blinds on St. Patrick's Day. The popular British ideal has been that of an aggressive after-dinner speaker for ever demonstrating chemically or oratorically that the sanguinary fluid is thicker than the aqueous, amid loud cheers from the Pilgrims! Spring-Rice did not answer to either conception. Nor did he construe his office to be that of a human cocktail, or what is called a good "mixer." Self-effacing though vigilant, he declined to propagandize the American. He always showed himself as much concerned with the interests of America as with those of his own country—which, after

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all, was the surest as well as the most diplomatic way of persuading America that in the long run those twin interests would prove to be the same.

After the outbreak of the war his position became increasingly difficult. Spring-Rice sternly developed the policy of self-suppression, leaving his Diplomatic rivals all the run of rope they needed to entangle themselves. He employed no journalistic satellites, and made no "copy" himself. His work was too difficult and complex to be aired in the press. His hardest task lay, not in inveigling America into an inevitable war, but in saving the blockade. While Whitehall declared a physical blockade of Germany, it fell on Spring-Rice to pilot the measure through the traditional diplomatic blockade of American opinion. His commercial staff was worth more than a whole regiment in the field. Perhaps its best piece of diplomacy lay in meeting the very legitimate complaints of American officials with the same doctrine of the "continuous transit" which America enunciated during the blockade of the South. It was entirely through such personal diplomacy that the fundamental German needs of rubber, copper, hides and wool were denied. If the German soldier to-day has to meet with wooden shoes and shoddy the American boy, he can only blame Spring-Rice and the American authorities who accepted Spring-Rice's argument. As it turns out, what was then good for the Allies redounds now to America's own military benefit.

Spring-Rice's diplomacy bears only one comparison in history, and that is with the difficult but vital term of Mr. Adams as America's representative in London during the Civil War. Adams was a phlegmatic New Englander, while Spring-Rice had some of the temper, if not all of the temperament, of an Irishman. Across the years they join hands in the task of reconciling the English-speaking world. Spring-Rice, it is true, had a foil lacking to Mr. Adams—Bernstorff. Baffled in commercial diplomacy from the beginning of the war, Bernstorff's satellites took to *sabotage*, while his attachés specialized in the gentle art of arson. In consequence, the attitude of the Department of State became one that inclined to be generous to a well behaved guest while a privileged burglar was loose in the house!

Spring-Rice made no pretence of influencing the most masterful and aloof of American Presidents; but he knew that, from Lusitania day onward, the soul of Woodrow Wilson was at war with Germany; and he kept his counsel. The President also kept his counsel, and both men faced the inevitable opprobrium. Even to good judges Mr. Wilson seemed no more than a doctrinaire essayist, while Spring-Rice was sometimes referred to as a reader of Persian poetry. But the fingers of both were feeling further ahead than their critics could have dreamed, the President's furthest of all.

In the day of Armageddon, British diplomacy had few successes but in Rome and Washington—with the result that all roads which do not lead now to Rome lead to Washington. To-day America and England are on better terms than at any time since the Revolution. Incidentally also the Catholic and Irish elements felt that they could trust the British Ambassador not to mistrust them. Ambassadors make history without appearing in it themselves. Spring-Rice may figure in the mere history-books of America as a coupling link, and no more. But out of their graves his predecessors, the dead Lyonses, Pauncefotes and Sackvilles arise to chant his *Nunc Dimittis*. Let thy servant depart in peace, the peace that must be made everlasting for England, Ireland, France, and America!

S. L.

PATRIOTISM

THE history of the word Patriotism is modern. It was hardly, or never, used in English before the Eighteenth Century, and was then, like the later words Conservative and Liberal, imported from France. It was at first used in England, as in France, in a sense rather different from that which now attaches to it. Lord Bolingbroke used it, in his famous essay, *The Patriot King*, in the sense of attachment to the interests of the country as a whole and government in the interests of all, as contrasted with factious or party objects. Later, in the mouths of such men as Wilkes, it came to denote a popular or democratic party opposing Court influence. In this, and not in the modern meaning of the word, Dr. Johnson denounced it when he called patriotism "the last refuge of a scoundrel." In our days he would probably have used the word radicalism or perhaps humanitarianism to express his Tory sentiment.

In its native language, the word patriot at first meant simply a native of a country. A writer of the Sixteenth Century says that though the Guises of Lorraine were born in France, yet they were foreigners by descent, and therefore still somewhat barbarous. "L'on ne tient pas ceste première portée et génération pour naturelle et légitime, comme les vrais et anciens patriottes qui seroyent de quatre à cinq races." The word "patriote" had for long the meaning still indicated by the word "compatriote." Patriotism was the feeling for, and understanding of, your own region or province. As late as 1766 Rousseau was using the word in this sense. "Le Breton homme actif, liant, intrigant, au milieu de son pays, de ses amis, de ses parents, de ses patriotes." But still earlier it was employed to denote a man who cared for the interests of his country regarded as a whole. St. Simon says of Vauban: "Patriote comme il l'était, il avait toute sa vie été touché de la misère du peuple, et de toutes les vèxations qu'il souffrait." But from love of one's country as a whole the transition to dislike of

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foreigners or contempt for them is, alas, easy. Rousseau says : " Tout patriote est dur aux étrangers, ils ne sont qu'hommes, ils ne sont rien à ses yeux."

The French Revolution, at white heat, fused into one glowing mass the sentiment of radicalism, the cause of the poor against the rich, and defence of the country against foreign invaders. The wars were long, and, under Napoleon, survived the internal revolution. Thus the word patriotism passed gradually into its modern usage, which denotes for the most part the desire that one's country should succeed in the world of conflicting nations, and be great and prosperous. Yet it is also applied to actions which subordinate private interest to the good of the nation as a whole. If a man gave a large part of his fortune to found pensions for invalided workmen the newspapers might call his action patriotic. Yet the word would be more certainly and generally applied if the subject of his charity was the relief of wounded or invalided soldiers, because patriotism is now mainly connected in the popular mind with the idea of international rivalry or conflict. At the root of the word is the feeling of fatherland, the country, the soil, which produced us.

It is rather curious that English alone of European languages possesses no word exactly corresponding to *Patria*, *Patrie*, or *Vaterland*. Of modern times we have talked of the Mother Country, in the sense of the nation from which other nations, our Colonies, have been born, but not in the sense of the country from which we ourselves, individual Englishmen, have been born. Perhaps it is that England having been invaded, conquered, settled by waves of immigration from the Continent, Celtic, Saxon, Dane, Norman, the nation so composed has never acquired the true autochthonous feeling. The English feel not so much that they belong to England as that England belongs to them. It is their country, the old country, their beloved home and property. Americans have the same kind of feeling about the United States. You will not find in English literature or oratory the kind of deification which, in French or Italian literature and

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oratory, breathes in the words "La France," "Italia." English soldiers fight for "King and Country," but to French soldiers it would seem a sacrilege to describe France by such an endearing but comic word as "Old Blighty."

But the Englishman, like all men, has a feeling of intense affection for the land where he and his ancestors were born, the actual land. Rudyard Kipling, in a line which went straight to our hearts, wrote, "Who dies if England live?" The association roused, the key touched by the poet in the minds of his hearers, is, I think, that, primarily, of the physical and visible England, with its chalk and clay and sand and rock, its downs and woods and meadows and river valleys, its dim vast centre in London, its country towns and villages and parks and cottages, its race-courses and cricket-grounds, and above all its people of all classes, and the feeling of all the like people who have lived in the same places so many past centuries, and will live there so many future ones. If Kipling had written, "Who dies if the United Kingdom live?" or "if the British Empire live," he would not have produced the same effect on English hearts, though his words would have been more technically correct.

I know no better delineation of the feeling of "patrie" than that of Jules Lemaître in his book *Les Contemporains*, the feeling, that is, as it takes shape in the citizen of an ancient, historic, and highly civilized country. When he tells us how happy he is in Paris with its delicate ironies, and in provincial France with its inherited virtues, he is giving utterance to the very specialized patriotism of a Frenchman; but his love for the books written in his language, and for the soil that gave him birth, is the love of all men for the things that are their own. Peasant and citizen, loving home, love also the wider home which is their city, their county, and their country. Dimly and silently the least articulate peasant, whether in Picardy or Kent or the Rhineland, has a consciousness about the land and people within a few miles of his cottage.

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Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Illigat, immemores nec sinit esse sui.

There are little "*patriæ divisæ arboribus*," as the Roman poet said, inspiring the most ardent affections.

The more abstract idea and affection arises out of the near, sensible and physical ; Walter Scott's famous lines express the feeling, "This is my own, my native land," etc. And this land to him assumed the shape of Scotland, and especially of his Border Country. Shakespeare, above all, a native of the very heart of England, embodies the feeling in burning phrases in the dying speech of John of Gaunt.

We English do not much deify the image of England ; but no race has been in feeling and in action more proudly and vigorously patriotic. Earlier than any other modern nation we realized national unity and consciousness. Our sea-girt frontier-line was clear and definite, made by nature ; unlike the vague and fluctuating bounds of French and German and Polish kingdoms. The island was the mould which rapidly formed the nation, when Continental races had hardly emerged from the chaos due to the waves of migration at the close of the Roman Empire. The French historian, Michelet, said : " Before the English wars of Henry V and Henry VI, France had always lived the common general life of the Middle Ages more than a life of its own. It was Catholic and Feudal before being French ; and England, by forcing it to fall back on itself, compelled it to assume a new position, and become known as a nation." So also Germany was, later, hammered by Napoleon into a unity for which France has paid dear. Thus Englishmen had a strong and vivid conception of England as a nation in days when Italy and Germany and even France were hardly more than sentiments and geographical terms. The real patriotism in Continental lands down to the Sixteenth Century, and, in some cases later, was that of the City or Province. It was the patriotism of Ghent or Bruges or Frankfort, of Venice or Florence, of Normandy or Languedoc, Castille or Aragon. The patriotism of Italy,

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Germany, France, Spain, Belgium, rose, not indeed on the extinction, but on the diminution and reduction to municipal objects, of local patriotisms. The real rise of Continental national patriotisms dates from the Fifteenth Century, aided no doubt by the invention of artillery which then began to make central governments strong against feudal and municipal independencies. This development appeared even in the history of the Church. An English historian observes that "the Council of Constance was the first in which votes were given, not by individuals but by nations. This is a symptom of a very altered state from that which prevailed in the preceding centuries; the feeling of the unity of the Church was then so strong, that all national distinctions and barriers of geography or language were lost sight of, overborne and merged in the magnificent idea of the Papacy which then prevailed, and was not inadequately realized in Europe."

No doubt the development of national unities was, in the order decreed by Providence, on the road to something higher and wider still, perhaps; but the process by national schisms broke the unity of the Catholic Church. All through Northern Europe national patriotism, for the time, was too strong for Catholic patriotism on the one side, as well as for local patriotisms on the other. *Now* the supreme sacrifices were made to new deities. In some countries, it is true, such as Spain and Germany, the provincial and city patriotisms kept their strength later than elsewhere. Even in these islands the local religion of patriotism lingered in corners. Until 1745 the real patria of a MacDonald or Campbell was his clan, not the United Kingdom. To this day the true Irish patriotism is for Ireland. And many an Englishman, at the bottom of his consciousness, really thinks of England, and deems Scotland a partner and Ireland a troublesome dependency.

What *is* national patriotism? The men who reduce everything to terms of natural science would say that it is the instinct of tribal self-preservation in its national form, working in each individual and moving him to self-

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sacrifice and action for the collective whole. But for those who believe that man is more than an evolved animal patriotism is more than this. It is a real religion, the religion of country and race. It is, as the word religion denotes, that which binds. It is the sentiment which binds together men of one blood, history, region. It has a faith, the belief in the destiny and greatness of the nation. It is a religion for which men gladly suffer and die. It has its saints and priests. In England the coronations and funerals of kings, events like the Jubilees of 1887 and 1897, are its great ceremonies. Observe the ritual march of the Guards with their music and colours to St. James's Palace every morning. It is clearly a religious rite, a matutinal office. See the rapt and devout expression of that fine old Colonel who raises his glass to the King's health at a public or mess dinner ; it is a religious libation. In Catholic churches you will see images of Our Lord and Our Lady, of Angels and Saints. If there are tombs with recumbent effigies they are clearly there in quiet subordination to the religion. In churches like Westminster Abbey you will see statues of statesmen and soldiers and sailors, or the heroes of national literature, science and art. The very anti-Catholic Eighteenth Century especially distinguished itself in this form of religion. Would not a visitor from another planet suppose that these statues were the objects of at least a minor cult ? In modern times, indeed, practice has arisen of making floral offerings on death-days to statues such as those in London of Charles I, Lord Beaconsfield, Nelson, and Gordon ; though, curiously, the statues of Wellington have never been so honoured. He was too coldly aristocratic to be worshipped. The varying fortunes of saints in popular estimation are known in the Church.

Newman once wrote : " English Protestantism is the religion of the Throne ; it is represented, realized, taught, transmitted in the succession of monarchs and an hereditary aristocracy. It is a religion grafted on loyalty, and its strength is not in argument, not in fact, not in the unanswerable controversialist, not in the apostolical

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succession, not in sanction of Scripture, but is a royal road to faith, in backing up a king whom men see against a Pope they do not see." One might very well demur to the exact terms of this statement ; but, in fact, English National Christianity has been for long, and still is, indescribably mixed up with the nature-religion called Patriotism ; and the King is the emblem of this blend. Its first dissolvent, Democracy, was beginning to work when Newman wrote, and we now see some of the results, since the few in England (precipitated, as chemists would say) tend towards Catholicism and the many towards rationalism or indifference. The rationalist or the indifferent, if he worships anything, worships the State, pure and simple. "L'amour," said Bossuet, "tend toujours à l'adoration."

On the whole, Modern Europe seems to be returning to the religion of the ancient world, a religion then one with local patriotism. Then each city had gods of its own, who were its patrons in peace and war. The real deity of the Romans was the genius of Rome ; but, as part of their policy of empire, they adopted the deities of the cities they annexed. They would have adopted Jehovah, God of the Jews, could they have found His image. No nation ever identified patriotism so closely with religion as did the Israelites. The burning passion of their songs, the passion for Zion, makes all other patriotic writing seem pale and cold. And just because they had a more universal idea of their God than had the Gentiles, their poets and prophets looked forward to a universal and world-embracing dominion to be ruled by a Prince of the House of David. Rightly they foretold ; but the prophecy was to be fulfilled in a way they knew not ; and the most tremendous error of the Jewish rulers was due to a misapprehension of the destiny of their nation.

During the last two or three centuries, it seems to me, and especially during the last, the sentiment of national patriotism has become intensified through the world. If so, what are the causes ? One cause may be our gradually increasing democratization. In old days war and foreign

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policy were looked at as the business of the King and his advisers ; or in some States, like Venice or Holland, of an oligarchy. Now they are the affair of every elector ; and men identify themselves more passionately with affairs which are, or seem to be, their very own. The modern practice of universal military service has fortified this cause.

Then, again, countries have become virtually smaller, even where their territories have become wider ; more concentrated like single cities through railroads, telegraphs, daily newspapers. Patriotism has always been more intense in single cities or small States than in great empires, because emotion spreads more rapidly from man to man, and the fire increases by contact. It was not possible to have the same intense feeling for the Roman Empire as for Rome the city with its Latin Plain. "I love England," is a natural expression. Did anyone ever say, "I love the British Empire"? This feeling is more one of pride than of love. Still, the diminution of space by modern inventions has increased national and even imperial patriotism. Another cause of the diminution of purely local, and increase of national, patriotism, not always in the best form, is, that opinion is now so much governed or dictated by people who live in great capitals like London, which may excite pride but do not enchain the affections. No Londoner is ever so ardently a Londoner as a Yorkshireman is a Yorkshireman. Hence the affections of dwellers in these opinion-guiding Babylons, since affections must find an object, are transferred to a more abstract object, the whole political nation.

The break up of religious unity among the peoples since the Protestant Revolution has also, I think, contributed largely to this concentration of emotion on each nation. In the Middle Ages there were two patriotisms which did not then often or much conflict, that of the Catholic Church and that of the nation. Inside the remaining Catholic Church the Catholic patriotism was intensified after the Reformation and produced results often painful to individuals, in whose hearts the two patriotisms were

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then in conflict. In one of the churches of St. Andrew, at Rome, there is an inscription to an English refugee of about 1600: "Here lies Robert Pecham, an English Catholic, who, after the disruption of England and the Church, quitted his country, unable to endure life there without the Church, and who, coming to Rome, died, unable to endure life here without his country." Is not that a touching epitome of so many heartrending conflicts in those sad days?

But, among Protestants, the competition of the two patriotisms came to an end. In England, Scotland, North Germany and Scandinavia the National Churches, broken off from the Catholic Unity, became departments of the State, or almost so. Catholics feel that they belong to the Church in spiritual matters. Protestants feel that the Church belongs to them, like an old hereditary estate. The two feelings are absolutely distinct. Anglicans try in vain, by blowing at a fire which is out, to make the *average* Englishman feel that he is a subject or son of the intellectual Abstract or Concept which they call the Catholic Church. In Lutheran Germany also the Church is a department of the State, and so also it has been with churches of the Greek rite, churches which, in the strict sense of the word, should also be called Protestant. In Russia the feeling about Tsar and Country and Church was all one. The destruction of the loyalty to the Tsar seems to have carried with it the destruction for the time being of patriotic feeling about the country, and may involve the destruction of that for the Church—the three were so closely entangled. But a Catholic attached to the Chair of St. Peter lives in two spheres or patrias, that of the Church and that of his native country.

If the Catholic Church is a patria on earth to us, in another and still purer sense the patria of the Catholic, or of any true Christian, is the unseen world—Heaven. I think that I am right in saying that, in the old devotions of the Church, the word is hardly ever used in any other sense. We sing continually, "Qui vitam sine termino nobis donet in patria"; or "Ad patriam quam tendimus

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gressus viamque dirige." The Roman poet Horace calls death a departure "in æternum exilium"; Christians called it a return "in patriam"; all the difference between the two points of view is there. The Christian, in these ancient expressions of the faith, is either "in patria" or he is "in via," an exile and traveller towards his true fatherland. "One's country," said Gerbert, "is the place which one loves and dreams of and sighs after. It can only be Heaven; and, if one must choose a country on earth, it is in the Churches we shall find it, where God is adored." And this patria was no mere poetical image. Men then believed in the existence of Heaven as literally as they now believe in that of America. Is it the paling into poetry, or less, of this belief which has brought modern patriotism so entirely down to the mortal kingdoms and republics of this planet, so insignificant in space and so often disappointing in their history? But, even now, was any man ever consoled in his dying hour by the thought of all the glories of France, or of the greatness of the British Empire? Edith Cavell, in her last moments, said, "I see that patriotism is not enough." Tolstoi and others have denounced national patriotism altogether on the ground that it is opposed to the Gospel of Christ and to true reason. The Catholic Church, always more human as well as more divine than its antagonists, has never done this, nor has ever denied that it is right and just to fight, when necessary, for one's native country. It blesses the love of country as it does that of the family, so long as both are exercised in the right spirit. And yet can it be denied that to belong to the Catholic Church does and must set a certain limit to national patriotism, although not a limit that is narrow or contrary to reason or irreconcilable? It is not only the Catholic Church that sets such a limit. It is surely contrary to natural reason that the service of one's country should be the *sole* object and end of the life of men. One does not, or should not, live and die *solely* for the sake of Mexico or Bulgaria or the Panama Republic, or even for the sake of England or France. I think that if I were born in some

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countries I should be inclined to say like Seneca, "Non sum uni angulo natus ; patria mea totus mundus est."

It is not, I suppose, in a more or less Christian world, necessary to draw so rigid a line of demarcation as did St. Augustine in his *City of God* between Jerusalem and Babylon. Yet I do not think that a Catholic can be (though he may imagine himself to be) so whole-heartedly and unreservedly "patriotic" in the full modern usage of the word as a real and undiluted Protestant. It is exactly for this reason that British Protestants have been, and are still, inclined to regard their Catholic fellow-countrymen as a kind of semi-foreigners, or having, at, any rate, suspicious foreign connections. That is their real feeling, not hostility so much as a feeling that Catholics are not quite English. One has to accept this as conveying a kind of distorted truth. Even in these mild days one is not a Catholic in England quite for nothing.

I have said that, in my opinion, a Catholic cannot be so unreservedly patriotic as a Protestant or Free-thinker, certainly not so blatantly patriotic as some are. A true Catholic really could not, if he tried, write like Mr. Horatio Bottomley, for instance. He will do his duty in fighting or working for his country. But he will not, at least I hope that he will not, use language of hatred and contempt and absolute condemnation towards even our present enemies, the two hostile Germanic powers, half at least of whose combined populations and armies are like us, members of the Catholic Church, and who also believe, it seems, in the justice or necessity of *their* cause. He will rather accept the tone and attitude though not, perhaps, the practical suggestions, of Pope Benedict XV. He will fight or work as an advocate of the cause of his own country, and will leave the decision and issue to God the Supreme Judge. We must believe in our cause ; but, after all, who can say what is in the end for human weal ? When Cæsar conquered Gaul at the cost of some two million lives, or when William I conquered England and confiscated most of the land, how appalling and diabolically

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unjust it must have seemed to Gauls and Saxons ; yet who would now deny that either conquest was for the ultimate good of the conquered ? Catholics in the various nations engaged in this war, Catholics who believe in the divine government of the world, should beware of those rash judgments so strongly condemned in the Gospels, while none the less they perform the obvious duty of supporting their country, each his own country. In this sense there is a double edge in the maxim, " My country, right or wrong." If an Englishman ever feels this formula for himself, he must allow that a German may properly fight for his country, whatever he thinks of the origin of this war. Happily, it is possible to fight as well as to talk without hatred or utter condemnation, just as a barrister argues in court before a judge. Those who feel like this can fight in the ordeal by battle as bravely as those who feel fiery hatred. Soldiers, I believe, of all religions, do come to this state of mind, feeling that, after all, their opponents are men who are actuated by the same motives as themselves, and are undergoing the same miseries and dangers. A kind of fellow-feeling even for " old Fritz " grows up, blended, indeed, with feelings of moral reprobation. The expression of fanatic feeling is more found among writers, among old men and, above all, women, than among soldiers. A friend of mine told me that he had read through a large collection of poems written by soldiers in the field, and that what most struck him was the almost entire absence of real bitterness towards the enemy, or remarks about his wickedness. Perhaps it is that action allays passion, and that those who are debarred from violent action are the most ravaged by pent-up passion. Tragedy, as Aristotle said, purifies the passions, and so does action in war.

The truth is, as it seems to me, that the right patriotism, like the right religion, lies between two extremes, coldness and indifference on the one side and fanaticism on the other. I do not speak here of the few people who are really actively anti-patriotic and who resemble those who are actively anti-Christian. Coldness and indifference

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need no defining; but what is fanaticism? It is that excessive zeal for one's country, or one's Church, which makes men blind to all considerations of truth and justice, and impenetrable from any point of view other than their own. It is this spirit of which Voltaire said, "It is sad that, to be a good patriot, a man is often the enemy of the rest of men." We attribute with good reason this fanaticism to the modern German who, if writers like Houston Chamberlain have expressed him correctly, looks down, or did before the war look down, with contempt upon all other nations. But have not we also had too overwhelming a sense of racial superiority, and writers to express it like Rudyard Kipling, who taught us to despise "the lesser breeds without the law"?

The nobility of war consists in the sacrifice which men make of their lives for something not themselves. The glory casts this dark shadow—that they have to kill others of like motives; and in this it is inferior to the purer glory of martyrs. The passion of love for country, like the passion of man for woman, is but an education for something higher still. One thinks of Wordsworth's noble lines in *Laodamia*:

Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend
Towards a higher object—Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end:
For this the passion to excess was driven,
That self might be annulled; her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.

In this lies the *necessity of patriotism* as part of the education of the human race; its preparation for the truer and higher patria. The mass of the human race is not yet fitted for that higher patriotism of which devotion to one's earthly country is the lower type and figure. The "world well lost for love" gives a certain almost redeeming nobility to the passion for a woman of Shakespeare's Mark Antony. The world well lost for one's country is a step far higher. The world well lost for love of God is the highest. It is on this ground that war has sometimes been defended as a good in itself, apart from

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questions of justice of the cause. The Prussian Moltke was led by this train of thought to say : " Perpetual peace is a dream—and not even a beautiful dream. War is an element in the order of the world ordered by God. In it the noblest virtues of mankind are developed, courage, and the abnegation of self, faithfulness in duty, and the spirit of sacrifice ; the soldier gives his life. Without war the world would stagnate, and lose itself in materialism." These words of the fine old German Field-Marshal were once quoted by an old English Field-Marshal, a gentle and religious soldier, Lord Roberts, not with moral disapproval, but in order to warn the optimist English that there were actually, little as they might think it, in the modern civilized world, men who believed in the virtue of war not only as the last word of diplomacy, but as a medicinal element or saving salt.

Some character in Shakespeare, a comic personage it is true, exalting the trade of war, says that " Peace makes men hate each other." Hatreds do grow up in peace which are reaped in war ; and, at any rate, the fever burns itself out, and makes way for convalescence and new life, if it does not end in death. The same English who had a mortal hatred of France during twenty years of war were able to take quite an amicable view of the French after Waterloo. One may, perhaps, believe that, at any rate in the stages so far of the evolution of mankind, from time to time great wars must come, are sent by God to purge the world of accumulated selfishness and egoism. Patriotism, in a sense, is a collective egoism ; but, like the Flood in the days of Noah, it drowns millions of minor and personal egotisms when aroused by the great stimulus of war, and leaves the world purged. Someone in Shakespeare says profoundly,

O war, thou Child of Hell
The angry Heavens make thee their minister.

This is a truer expression than that of Wordsworth when he calls Carnage " God's daughter."

These personal egotisms, the pursuit of wealth and

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pleasure—this is the worm at the root of all that is good and beautiful. Bossuet says somewhere that a time might come when the “*libertins et esprits forts*” would be discredited, *not* for any horror evoked by their sentiments, but because men would be indifferent to all things except pleasure and business. Was not this prophecy somewhat fulfilled in the widespread relaxation of religion and morals in the days before the war? The “*esprits forts*,” your Bernard Shaws and the like, had to say things more and more outrageous in order to attract the slightest attention. But war shows things in truer proportions, recalls men to a sense of reality, and evokes a patriotism which tends to destroy the minor, individual, egotisms. Yet war is a sad cure, only tolerable when regarded as a strong, necessary medicine.

The love of country, for so many ages formed, moulded and nursed by war, may yet become so strongly innate that it will last through days when wars have altogether ceased. “War,” said an old Greek, “is the father of all things.” Hitherto it has been the father, or at least, the great stimulant, of patriotism; that is of ardent love of one’s country, as a unit larger and wider than the family, until man could rise to a love and unity higher still. The early, and existing, Christian ideal was, as it were, and is, a premonition of this higher love and unity, for the maturing of which centuries have been necessary, and, perhaps, many more centuries will still be necessary. The patriotism of the nation would thus be a school. It would be the passage from the patriotism of the family, the city, or the province, to that of the human race. And as the patriotism of the nation rises above, and reduces to their right place, but does not destroy, the lower patriotisms, so that of the human race should rise above, but not destroy, that of the several nations. It will be the pinnacle or coping-stone of the whole temple.

Imagine the world held in peace (as it already is within the British Empire) by a single control, or federal union, leaving full internal liberty and self-government to every part. What scope there would still be for national

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patriotism, for honest rivalry between the several countries in all the arts which make for beauty and social happiness ! Listen to these words of the old Venetian citizen, Ludovico di Cornaro, written three or four centuries ago. He says :

The first of pleasures is to serve one's dear country. Oh, how glorious is the infinite delight I take in teaching how to preserve its important Lagune and its harbour, that they may not be filled up these thousand years to come ! By these means Venice will preserve its wonderful and admirable name of the Virgin City, as it is in fact ; for there is no other like it in the world. Besides it will augment its high renown as the Queen of the Sea. I rejoice in that, and my joy is complete. Another joy to me is to teach this virgin, this queen, how to render abundant her provisions by fertilizing useless lands. I have also another unchangeable joy in teaching how Venice may become stronger, though she is very strong ; more beautiful, though she is very beautiful ; more rich, though she is very rich ; more healthy, though the air she breathes is perfect.

The purest spirit of patriotism breathes here. This should be the patriotism of a happier future day. If every one in England had this feeling for his village, his town, his county, his country, what a land it might be made ! There was such a feeling in the Middle Ages, when our beautiful cathedrals and churches arose, one town and village competing with another, instead of the hotels and manufactories and workhouses of a later age of egotism and self-interested money-making. The age of faith did take men outside themselves by pacific as well as by warrior patriotism.

The hope is that the ardent patriotism evoked by this universal war, in every great and small nation which has taken part in it, may be the ploughing which will produce great fruits in a peace which must be long, if not eternal. In the ancient world, the European world was trained in patriotism by incessant war. But when what the elder Pliny calls "the immense majesty of the Roman Peace" had merged in itself the independent existence of Greek and Italian cities, Macedonian kingdoms, Punic

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powers, Gallic, Spanish and British clans, and all that was necessary was a not very large professional army to keep the barbarians beyond the frontier in order, then the patriotic feeling, denied its old courses, streamed into new channels, and the patriotism of the Catholic Church arose. The old visible Jerusalem was destroyed, but not till it had borne its supreme fruit. A naturalist philosopher would see in this merely an instance of cause and effect ; but the Christian will deem it the order and method of Providence, and will see in the Roman Empire, with all its faults or cruelties, the instrument which levelled the way for the Kingdom of Christ. There is, I think, much consolation in regarding history, whether of past events or of present calamities, in this wider way. Patriotism is the instrument forged in the furnace of war for the works of peace, and, also, for higher ends not yet revealed to us. We can, for instance, already see some results which are being forged in the blazing furnace of the present war—a free Poland, a finally happier Russia, a strengthened British Empire, perhaps a purified and religious France. The process is a painful one ; as it would seem to the iron heated in the furnace and then hammered into shape, if iron were conscious. Every process is painful, ambitious Kaisers and the like are but instruments of God. God truly is the Poet, and men are the actors of the drama. *Deus vero Poeta ; homines bistriones*. As iron forged is of higher utility than the unforged ore, so a great war should leave the nations on a higher plane. St. Augustine said profoundly, “All war is a passage from a lower state of peace to a higher.” St. Augustine had the art of saying the last word on many things.

The moral is this : Catholics hold a unique position ; they have two patrias, the country to which they belong by birth, and race, and habitation, and the visible and organic Catholic Church, which is limited to men of no one country or race, but includes men of all races and all lands. No one can say that English Catholics have not discharged the duties laid upon them by the first patriotism ; any

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such accusation would be refuted by the long list of those of them who have died for England. But the second patriotism, that of the Catholic Church, should liberate the minds of Catholics, not indeed from national patriotism, but from its fanaticisms.

There is now a society or league called "Vigilants" in this country, which has taken for its motto, "Never forgive and never forget." This seems to me to be a fanatic and pagan principle, opposed to the whole spirit of the Christian religion. On the other side is the sentiment declared by the Pope, that, with a view to the supreme end of peace and goodwill on earth, there should be in order to end the war a leaning towards compromise, and, after the war, forgiveness and condonation of offences. His Holiness, in his exhortation addressed to the German Bishops, dated September 6th, 1915, said :

It is evident that in proportion as the violence of the war increases, the desire for peace also increases with all. But we wish that this universal desire should follow the royal road of patience and love of men which alone leads to peace. From this way would depart those who could believe themselves allowed to depreciate the Catholics of another country, whether by word or writing, so that "provoking each other, hating each other," as says the Apostle, they feed the exasperation which, guided by a just judgment and by serenity of mind, they ought, on the contrary, to try to extinguish. This is why, longing incessantly for peace, but a peace which may answer the demands of justice and the dignity of the nations, we exhort all Catholics to avoid all discord, and, united in a fraternal and Christian love, to work together for the re-establishment of this peace.

Catholics, having discharged, as they have done, their duty towards their secular country, should be led by their Catholic Patriotism and by their Catholic allegiance to support the wishes of Benedict XV. Unless we, and Catholics in the other countries concerned, take this line, not trying to explain away or place our own glosses upon the words of the Pope, is there any meaning left in the patriotism and unity of the Catholic Church? Might we not as well, and in some ways it would be more

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convenient, belong to the separate and distinct National Churches which are altogether identified with separate nations ? Might we not as well have no common centre and chief ?

It is not always an easy matter to reconcile the claims of the two patriotisms. But, certainly, to fight and work for our own country while it is at war, each for his own, the German for Germany and the Englishman for England, is to do that which one patriotism requires. It is only to give to our country that which belongs to it. If we obey the other patriotism we shall not lend our hearts to hatred, nor our tongues and pens to bitter gall ; and we shall support, or, at the very least not withstand, all that tends towards forgiveness and ultimate reconciliation. *Dimitte nobis debita nostra sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris.*

BERNARD HOLLAND.

THE GENESIS OF THE SUPER-GERMAN

I

THREE times since Christianity came into the world, the nations around the Mediterranean and the Celtic races of Northern Europe, have been violently attacked, and each time the intention has been to destroy Mediterranean, or perhaps one should say Celtic-Latin, religion and civilization. Each time the attack has come from the same quarter, from the North and the North-East, and each time it has come from the same race, the Teutons. If, when thinking of the desolated cities of Belgium and France, of their terror-stricken and starving populations, of captives led away into slavery, of the ruined churches, of the defaced monuments of art, we should open St. Augustine's *City of God*, it would seem as if the book might have been written in the first days of the prevailing war. Indeed, all that St. Augustine says with regard to the Teutons of his day is applicable to our present enemies, except in one point. He noticed that in taking Rome they did spare the churches—they respected the sanctuary, and all those who could take refuge in a sacred building had their lives saved. But the extraordinary thing to note is that those who have attacked Christendom have called themselves in every case Christians. The Goths and Vandals were not Pagans. The German Army which sacked Rome in 1527 was not a Pagan army; and the ruling classes in Germany who are responsible for this war are loud in their protest of devotion to the Christian name.

But the Christianity which has been the religion of the dominant caste has been in every case what Catholics call heresy. The Teutonic race did not embrace Catholicism at its first conversion to Christianity; indeed Catholicism made very small progress in the Teutonic world until the Franks in Gaul and the Saxons in England were converted

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straight from Paganism to the Catholic religion. The rest of the Teutonic nations had been Christian for from two hundred to three hundred years. The heresy which they embraced was that of Arius. Arianism identified the Logos of Christianity with the Logos of Platonism. The Word was a secondary God created by the unknown God to be his medium of communication with the world. For nearly three hundred years it remained the Teutonic form of Christianity. It has been said that the Teutons embraced Arianism because it was the fashionable form of Christianity within the Empire, and that they wished to imitate their more civilized neighbours. Nothing could be further from the truth. Arianism was a lost issue, nay, it was dead within the Empire before the whole Teuton race had been converted, and the difference in religion between the Teutons and the Romans added a deep bitterness to the wars waged between them.

Nothing is more remarkable than the hold which Arianism took upon the Teutonic people. They embraced it with ardour, and their clergy were not without learning, nor certainly without ability to defend their heresy, as the frequent disputes between them and the Catholics in the Roman Empire showed. Again and again we perceive how profoundly the Teutonic-Arian despised the Roman Catholic. For, says St. Chrysostom, "That which had never taken place has now come to pass. The barbarians have now left their own country and have overrun an infinite space of ours, and that many times over. They have set fire to the land and captured the towns, but they are not minded to return home again, for, after the manner of men who are keeping holiday rather than making war, they laugh us all to scorn. And it is said that one of their kings declared that he was amazed at the impudence of our soldiers, who, although they were slaughtered more easily than sheep, had still the hope to conquer. For he said that he himself was worn out with the work of cutting them to pieces."*

The truth of the matter is that the Teutonic mind

* St. Chrysostom's *Letter to a Young Widow*.

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fastened upon Arianism as at that time the form of Christianity most congenial to itself; and Arianism in their minds took on a thoroughly Teutonic character. The Platonic Logos doctrine was nothing to them. What was everything to them was the teaching that a superangel had taken the body and the appearance of a man; for they supposed, like all the Arians, that the Logos took the place of the human soul in Christ, and that He, although all the world was against Him, had beaten down all opposition and had finally triumphed over His enemies in this world, having first harried Hell. In other words, though Nietzsche was not to come for centuries, the Arian-Teutonic Christ was the superman. They denied, as all Arians did, original sin. Christ came, therefore, not to redeem, but to lead and to teach. Original sin consisted in the following of Adam, not in any infection of nature or deprivation of supernature inherited from him, and righteousness consisted, not in being united to Christ in mystical union, but in following His example.

One can see immediately what effect this doctrine would have upon a race so intensely subjective as is the Teutonic; and we find that, from the time when Arian Christianity was embraced by the Teutons, this race produced one great military leader after another, and that these military leaders were absolute and supreme. There is no trace of anything like democracy among the Teutons. It is true that, if one king were killed, they elected another; but they always elected some other superman; and, while he was king, and until he in his turn was murdered, his will was the only law. They became a people impossible to deal with. They accepted bribes, and gave the most solemn promises; and the next year their promises were broken and they had to be paid over again. St. Augustine, who wishes to make out the best case he can for them, is obliged to speak of them, not as warriors, but as murderers. Yet one can believe that throughout the whole they never for a moment believed themselves anything but the best Christians in the world. Indeed, as soon as Arianism was destroyed in the Empire they believed themselves to

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have a monopoly of the true religion. The Romans were idolaters who worshipped the creature for the creator, and each Gothic chieftain murdered, ravaged, or spared, according to his good pleasure, believing himself to be a propagator of the true faith ; and, in beating down and overcoming his enemies, a follower and imitator of the superangel who had dwelt in the body of a man.

We need not remind ourselves how the Empire groaned under the tyranny. We need only recall the fact that when Clovis was converted straight to Catholicism, so great was the desire to be free from the Arian yoke that the Goths complained that every Catholic in the Roman Empire was an ally of Clovis ; and even saints, living in the Gothic dominions, were accused of carrying on a treasonable correspondence with the enemies of their Arian masters.

The Roman Empire went down to death at the hands of an intensely subjective race which had been poisoned by the heresy of the superman. We can see how great was the desolation when we read those wonderful pages of St. Augustine. There was no dependence to be placed anywhere except in religion ; there was no permanency in any city but the City of God ; there was no hope for mankind but in the life beyond the grave. What saved Europe was the conversion of the leading Teutonic tribes, the Anglo-Saxons and Franks, to the Catholic religion. They were able gradually to control and dominate the Teutonic world until at last Charles the Great imposed Catholicism upon all the Teutons with the exception of the Scandinavians. Christendom had to dominate Teutonism or the Teutons would have destroyed Christendom.

II

During the entire Middle Ages the Teutons grew and developed under the influence of the Catholic Church into one of the most healthy constituents of Christendom. It would be the merest prejudice which would deny the great contribution which the Germanic peoples made to the Christian commonwealth in the days of their orthodoxy.

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But there were not wanting signs that here and there the old spirit would revive if it had the slightest encouragement. The investiture troubles culminating in the dispute between Henry IV and Gregory VII were one such sign. Fortunately in Gregory VII Christendom had a champion who was more than a match for the more or less inchoate rebellion which was brewing. Frederick Barbarossa was another portent, more dangerous and more ominous, because the two influences stood now in a different relation, the Teutonic world being stronger, the Church being weaker than in the days of St. Gregory VII. And from that time until the Reformation signs were not wanting that a revolt of the Teutonic world would sooner or later occur. The schism created by the anti-Popes, the frankly Erastian attitude taken by the Teutonic world after the Council of Constance, and the increasing individualism and subjectivism of German mysticism were all ominous indications of what was to follow. When Martin Luther broke into open rebellion he coagulated all the elements of seething revolt, and he became for the Germans the prophet of their race. If his doctrines were not the fruit of a great intellect, they certainly proceeded from an exceedingly Teutonic one; and this was the real secret of his success—he appealed to the intensely subjective character of his race.

Faith is known to the Catholic as a rational act. We believe that, while the motives of credibility cannot produce the certainty of divine faith, they can produce sufficient intellectual conviction to satisfy a prudent mind. Faith is anything but blind submission. It rests upon reason and is an extension, really, of human reason by the aid of a supernatural light. Luther, in direct contradiction to all this, set his face against any rational element at all in the act of faith. Faith for him depended entirely upon feeling. It was not what a man's intellect had discovered to be so cogent that he felt he ought to ask God for grace to hold it with the certainty of divine faith; it was only what one's feeling pointed out to one that should be embraced. The whole of religion was now inside of the

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soul ; external authority counted for nothing, tradition counted for nothing, reason counted for nothing. *Sic volo sic jubeo stat pro ratione voluntas.* Luther felt that mankind was sunk in an abyss of sin. Out of that welter of sin, God chose certain people to be His elect, and without working any change in their nature, their sins remaining, He imputed to them the righteousness and merits of Christ. All that was demanded of man was that he should feel that Christ was his Saviour. If he had this feeling within him he might do what he would. *Pecca fortiter sed crede fortius.* But the only people who accepted this doctrine in its entirety were the Northern Germans. Therefore among the Germans only were the elect to be found ; and, as the elect, all things were lawful to them, or at least to their rulers. For while Luther's doctrine undoubtedly precipitated the Peasant Revolt, it was by his advice that the same revolt was stifled in blood. For this very doctrine tends to create a spiritual aristocracy which must have its counterpart and adumbration upon the earth in a ruling and a military caste. Therefore it was by Luther's advice that the heads of the Military Orders took wives, turned themselves into a military aristocracy, and became the progenitors of the Prussian Junkers. No wonder, then, that in 1527 the followers of Luther cast themselves upon Rome and subjected it to atrocities worse than any which had disgraced their Arian ancestors. Politically everywhere Luther's doctrine crystallized into the Divine Right of kings. Everywhere Lutheranism acknowledged in Catholic Christianity its foe. The world was not large enough for the ancient Faith and the new teaching. Whatever else was to be tolerated, Catholicism was not. Like every attempt of the Teutons to overrun Christendom, the first onslaught seemed to carry everything before it. All Northern Europe, with the exception of Ireland, was involved in the convulsion ; and the triumph of Teutonism over Christendom, weakened as Christendom had been by internal disorders and the corruption of the Renaissance, seemed assured. But the chivalry of Christendom sprang to life in the person of St.

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Ignatius Loyola. He and his companions, with the aid of the Southern Germans who had remained faithful to Christian ideals, rolled back the oncoming tide. The rebellion proceeded no further. No more nations were involved in the catastrophe; while in Germany a great part of the country which at first had seemed lost to Christendom was regained. It has been said that absolutism conquered absolutism; but how different were the two absolute authorities confronting one another. On one side the irresponsible superman amenable to no one as long as he was justified by his emotions; on the other a body of men who had freely submitted to absolute obedience for the love of God, and whose commander was himself absolutely at the command of the head of Christendom. A second time Christendom with all its inheritance of the Mediterranean culture and civilization had been sore beset, and a second time it had been saved.

III

Lutheranism, while it appealed to the individualism and subjectivism of the Teutonic mind, could not rest upon the basis of Scholastic philosophy. Martin Luther saw this; for he constantly and consistently denounced Aristotle and all the School-men. But, because there was no other philosophy known at that time among Christians, Scholastic philosophy bade fair to destroy Lutheranism, even in Germany; and at the end of the Seventeenth Century it seemed, at least for a moment, as though the more orthodox Lutherans might return to the unity of Christendom; as though the phenomenon which had taken place in the Seventh and Eighth Centuries was to be repeated; and Lutheranism to be destroyed as Arianism had been destroyed before it. And yet, unfortunately, it was the very person who most desired the reunion of the Germans with Rome, and who worked hardest for it, who was the first to suggest a philosophy upon which Teutonism could draw new life. Leibnitz did not intend to deny the reality of an external world, nor did he deny that our impressions of that world were accurate;

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but he supposed that our impressions were merely like pictures in a camera-obscura—our ideas were pictures of what went on outside, but the pictures themselves were within us. We were shut up, after all, in our own mind, though we were not without an accurate knowledge of what went on outside our prison. But the weak points were two. First, by suggesting that the mind was, after all, enclosed within itself like a prisoner in his prison, he began to do for philosophy what Luther had done for religion. And, secondly, once that he admitted that the whole of our knowledge was really inside ourselves, and merely a parallel representation of what went on without, he laid himself open to a question which he could not answer, namely, How did he know that the internal representation was accurate? It was but a step, therefore, and an inevitable step, to the teaching of Kant, that we could have no assurance our ideas represented anything outside us at all, and that our reason, or as Kant would call it, our theoretical reason, was a wholly inadequate instrument, and that we must depend upon our practical reasons, in other words upon the dictates of feeling.

Here was the real disciple of Martin Luther. Martin Luther had cut the bridges between religion and reason; but, because he was not a philosopher, he could not cut all the bridges between the perceiving mind and the world perceived. This Kant did for him; and from Kant's day to ours the Teutonic mind has been imprisoned within itself. Everything had from henceforth to be stated in terms of experience, and the experience was the experience not of the race, but of the individual. If religion were to depend solely upon feeling, and one had not the feeling of religion, then religion naturally disappeared. But what was equally important, if morality depends merely upon a categorical imperative within us, there is no moral law without us which can be imposed upon us by the authority of the race. There is at once no height of egoism and no depth of wickedness to which such a mind cannot come. If I know only myself, egoism and megalomania are the inevitable results. Nietzsche follows Kant as

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logically as Kant follows Luther. The mind is shut up in prison, the key is thrown away ; it must feed upon itself, it must contemplate itself, it must worship itself ; it knows no law but its feelings ; and after the space of a generation or two, when traditional morality has ceased to supply those interior feelings, the Will, now become the sole guide of the mind, can justify anything which the Personality desires. Upon such principles, carried out to their logical conclusions, there can be no wrong in anything which the Ego believes to be for its own enlargement and aggrandisement. Kant himself, rejecting all external authority, held still to Christian morality, because he believed that it was and would always be dictated by the categorical imperative. But Nietzsche saw clearly that the categorical imperative of Kant was but an inheritance from an age which had submitted itself to external standards in ethics if not in religion ; but if there were no external standards in either the one or the other, there could be no guide left but the Ego, no ruling Deity but the Will. Here the Teuton breaks with Christianity. All that Christianity came into the world to do and to teach is swept away by this philosophy of the Will. This is Paganism pure and simple, the very Paganism which in primeval times made darker the dark forests of Germany with its blood-stained rites.

Obviously this madness was not universal among the Teutonic peoples. Where Catholicism was still strong in the Teutonic world it had little or no validity, but when that portion of the Teutonic race which had embraced it began to acquire, as it did begin to acquire in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, the hegemony of the Teutonic world, German patriotism suppressed the natural protests which Catholicism would have suggested, and when Prussia, the most Lutheran and the most Kantian of all the Germanic states, became the seat of empire, the triumph of the principles by which Prussia lived was secured in the Germanic world. And yet, one has only to remember the bitterness felt toward Prussia in Southern Germany up to the beginning of the present war, to

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realize that there was still a core of Christian sentiment left among the German people. Had anything happened to destroy the hegemony of Prussia, and to throw the balance of power toward either Bavaria or Austria, all might still have been well; but the South German knew not where he was being led, while Prussia plotted to burst out into a third onslaught on Christendom and in the name of patriotism dragged the still Christian parts of Germany into its design. The Prussian design has not succeeded. Those of us who believe that behind Christendom is a Divine Reality know that it never can succeed. Here is the mystery of iniquity. How shall it be solved?

Since this article began to be written a voice has been heard in Christendom, and that the most authoritative voice of all—the Vicar of Christ has spoken, and if, as yet, he has not been obeyed, he has at least been listened to with profound respect. He calls upon Christendom to reassert itself, to bind itself into a league of nations with coercive power, which will be able to coerce and punish any nation rebelling against it. All that he has said in his appeal to the warring nations is subsidiary to this idea. Christendom must no longer be a mere idea, but a vital reality, if the world is to be saved.

SIGOURNEY W. FAY.

BISHOP AND SURGEON

THE Crusades have come to be even better understood since the days, a generation ago, when Bishop Stubbs, in his Oxford lectures on Mediæval and Modern History, confessed: "The Crusades are not in my mind either the popular delusions that our cheap literature has determined them to be; nor Papal conspiracies against kings or peoples as they appear to Protestant controversialists; nor the savage outbreak of expiring barbarism thirsting for blood and thunder, nor volcanic explosions of religious intolerance." Above all, we have begun to realize how much of benefit accrued to Europe from these conflicts and how much to the race. Now that the world is out for another great crusade—for what must be considered as noble and unselfish a purpose as that which inspired the men of the Middle Ages, we are the better able to appreciate how these conflicts (in Bishop Stubbs' words) "brought out a love of all that is heroic in human nature, the love of freedom, the honour of prowess, sympathy with sorrow, perseverance to the last."

Even surgery, all down the ages, has owed very much to military surgery; and the opportunities afforded by the Crusades in the treatment of wounds marked a great advance in the methods of their day. Military surgeons who accompanied the expeditions in the East came back not only with added experience, but with a broadened intellectual outlook, and with initiative sharpened by the necessities they had faced. And if it would seem that any surgical development during the Crusades would be of little significance now, the surprise is that modern surgery, with all its magnificent advance, but enlarges a great enlightenment during the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries. Such an assertion is the more credible the more familiar we are with recent publications of original documents in medical history. And if, during the past twenty-five years, we have begun to realize that our present-day surgery was largely anticipated in the later Middle Ages, our originality is not in question; for the

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story of the older period had been lost sight of; and it was only after we had reached certain developments in surgery for ourselves that we were able to appreciate properly what had been accomplished of old. Fortunately, the life-story of some of the surgeons of the Crusades has been preserved for us, and we are able to recognize with a new appreciation their really great achievements that stand to their names.

From the actual surgical textbooks of the time, which have been lately republished, we find that toward the close of the Middle Ages surgeons were operating on the head for tumour and abscess, opening the skull by trephining, not hesitating to open the thorax similarly for fluids, and were operating within the abdomen for a number of difficult conditions. Intestinal surgery, above all, had reached a high plane of development, with an elaborate technique and the invention of a number of special instruments to facilitate operations. Nor could such serious operations have been undertaken without anæsthetics, and we know now that practically every important surgical operation for nearly two centuries in Europe at the end of the Middle Ages was done with their aid. We have learned even what the anæsthetic was, a combination of opium, mandrake, and wild lettuce, and we are willing to concede that it might successfully accomplish its purpose, though neither so safe nor so certain as ours. Neither could these old surgeons have operated, especially in the large cavities of the body, without antiseptics, or their death-rate would have been utterly discouraging. And we know now that, in practice at least, though they did not understand their theory, they understood antiseptics well, and employed them to the best advantage, getting "union by first intention"—a mediæval Latin expression which means nothing in any of the modern languages except by reference to its origin; and boasting of their "pretty linear cicatrices," scarcely seen after thorough healing.

Perhaps the most important author of a surgical textbook containing, in brief compass, these anticipations of

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modern surgery, was an Italian Bishop, whose work was evidently encouraged by the ecclesiastical authorities of the time, and who wrote the story of what his father, his brothers, and himself, had accomplished in surgical practice. His father, Ugo Borgognoni of Lucca, was asked by the Bolognese authorities to accompany the troops they sent on the Crusade in 1218; and he was present at the siege of Damietta. Three of his sons were surgeons; and one of these, Theodoric, was both surgeon and Bishop. He wrote out the family experiences; and though many things had been supposed to be family secrets, and kept as such for the benefit of its members by each succeeding generation, he revealed them all for the benefit of humanity. Theodoric or Teodorico Borgognoni, whose long life from 1205 to 1296 occupies almost the whole of the Thirteenth Century, was the Bishop of Cervia, a small town near Ravenna in Eastern Italy. He was over sixty years of age in 1266, when his treatise called *Cirurgia* was completed.

The all-important surgical principle laid down in that textbook is the declaration that wounds not only can heal, but should heal, without the presence of pus, and that the occurrence of pus represents a complication never favourable to the progress of the cure. Unlike many surgeons before and in his own time, and for many centuries after, down to the beginning of the present generation, Theodoric saw pus in its true light as productive of harm to the tissues, with delay in healing, as well as the possibility of serious immediate ill results or of prolonged drain upon the patient's vitality. What he taught he taught very explicitly: "For it is not necessary, as Roger and Roland"—Ruggiero and Rolando, two great Italian surgeons of Salerno who had written manuals of surgical practice before Theodoric's time—"have taught, and as many of their disciples are still teaching, and as all modern" (how curious this "modern" sounds just after the middle of the Thirteenth Century!) "surgeons profess, that pus should be generated in wounds. No error can be greater than this. Such a practice, indeed, hinders

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nature, prolongs the disease, and prevents the conglutination and consolidation of the wound."

Professor Clifford Allbutt, Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge, when he visited America some dozen years ago to deliver an address at the International Congress at St. Louis, and took for his subject "The Historical Relations of Medicine and Surgery to the End of the Sixteenth Century," boldly said that this simple statement stamped Theodoric as one of the greatest, as he was certainly one of the most original, surgeons of all time. As Garrison has emphasized, in his *History of Medicine*, only Mondeville, who also belonged to the Thirteenth Century, Paracelsus of the Sixteenth Century, and Lister of the later Nineteenth Century, upheld these principles after Theodoric. They were the sole bearers of the good tidings of surgical truth for seven centuries.

Dr. Albert H. Buck, in *The Growth of Medicine from the Earliest Times*, calls attention to the therapeutic observations and to details of technique which Theodoric thus boldly recommends in a book which at first was popular in manuscript form and had to wait for nearly two centuries and a half before it was printed at Venice, in 1498. Another historian of medicine in the mediæval period, Professor Max Neuberger, brings out particularly the surgical accomplishment of Bishop Theodoric and of his father, Hugo of Lucca. This Professor of the History of Medicine at the Imperial University of Vienna is issuing a history of medicine, two volumes of which have already appeared. The first has been translated into English; but it is the second, as yet untranslated, which contains the interesting details of Bishop Theodoric's life and work. After telling the story of the dressings which largely succeeded in preventing the formation of pus, Neuberger brings out particularly the fact that Theodoric insisted on the absolute necessity of detailed anatomical knowledge. In opposition to the common assumption that the study of anatomy was neglected in the Middle Ages, and that it was suppressed by the Church out of presumed

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reverence for the bodies of the dead, it is interesting to find Theodoric, notwithstanding his pastoral office, emphasizing the absolute indispensability of such detailed anatomical knowledge for the surgeon as could be obtained only from dissection. And Theodoric is only one of a series of men closely associated with the Church who might be quoted to the same purpose. In the following century, Guy de Chauliac, "the Father of French surgery," while physician to the Popes at Avignon, declared that a surgeon not knowing anatomy, who yet dared to operate on the human body, was like a blind carpenter trying to saw wood. Gurlt, in his *History of Surgery*, defends Theodoric against this same Guy de Chauliac, who talks of some of Theodoric's references to the practice of his father as mythical. Gurlt, himself a successful surgeon in the later Nineteenth Century, does not hesitate to attest the helpfulness of many of the practical illustrations in Theodoric's writings. Gurlt's quotations from these are full of surprises for the modern surgeon—his recognition of the fact that manipulations were likely to do more harm than good, and his depreciation of the use of the probe; he even differed from those who suggested sutures for scalp wounds. Such doctrine must have been as alien to the surgery of the day as, in a later generation, was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' belief that puerperal fever was due oftener to meddlesomeness on the part of the obstetrician than to any internal cause of disease. Dr. Holmes was decried by many older physicians, and one distinguished obstetrician said that a young physician-poet might say such things, but that old physicians knew better. And so, too, the Surgeon-Bishop might be taunted about his duality of office; but he remains a teacher of truth to all time.

Since Carlyle wrote of Dante as a solitary phenomenon in whom "ten silent centuries found a voice," the expression has become a favourite one and there has been a tendency to suppose that certain of the mediæval geniuses were just "sports" in the history of the race, to use the biological term, occurring in spite of their environ-

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ment, and not at all favoured by it. But the more one learns about human achievement the less one is inclined to talk about solitary phenomena. Dante may fulfil Victor Hugo's definition of genius as a promontory jutting out into the infinite; but there must be the sure and wide foundations. His contemporaries must have been prepared to look upward, and to know the scale of him. And this was in part true also of Bishop Theodoric in surgery. The first Medical School founded in modern Europe was that of the University of Salerno, which followed on the town's reputation as a health resort. Invalids had come thither from Italy, from Greece and the near East, from the Northern shores of Africa, and even from the Western countries of Europe. We know that the son of William the Conqueror went there as a patient; and that English and French Bishops made the long journey down to Southern Italy for their health's sake. In the story of Boor Henry, as retold by Longfellow, the prince stricken with leprosy goes to Salerno to be cured. Salerno indeed became so famous that a little textbook containing the maxims of health of the physicians of Salerno, the *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, was the most widely read medical book of the Middle Ages, and has since gone through more printed editions—over two hundred and fifty—in every language in Europe than any other medical book.

If, then, Theodoric was a flowering of his time, the soil at least was there. He was a little past twenty-three when, about the year 1230, he entered the newly founded order of St. Dominic. The Dominicans, intent on intellectual as well as spiritual influence, encouraged Theodoric to proceed with his medical studies. After a time he was granted positions in the Church that enabled him to devote time to this work. He was chosen as Chaplain of the Bishop of Valencia, who continued the grant for this office though Theodoric was an absentee. Later he was made official *penitentiarius*, or special confessor, by Pope Innocent IV, a position which he occupied for a dozen years, and which was evidently conferred on him with the

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idea of allowing him free time to pursue his surgical work. About the year 1260 he was made Bishop of Bitonti in the province of Bari, and, six years later, was transferred to Cervia. He had been Bishop of Cervia but a short time when he published his textbook, *Cirurgia edita et compilata a domino fratre Theodorico episcopo Ceruiensi ordinis predicatorum*. His work is divided into four parts or books. The first book treats of sores, ulcers, hæmorrhages, deadly injuries, wounds of nerves, inflammations and tetanus. The second book treats these same subjects in their special relation to the different parts of the body from head to foot. The third book treats of fistulæ, cancers, warts, tumours of other kinds, and the various pathological conditions related to overgrowths. The fourth book handles headache, the diseases of the eyes, paralysis, epilepsy, gout and kindred subjects. Surgeons will note the principle laid down, that, without special reason, the severed ends of nerves should not be sewed together. Avicenna is quoted as the authority for such sewing, and his reason for advising suturing is stated to be that sutured nerve-endings more readily grow together. The Moorish authority adds that it is even possible that the severed ends might not reunite unless they were sewed. Theodoric, following his father, and advising against direct suture, suggests that the immediately adjacent tissues should be carefully sewed without the nerve itself being included, the extremities of the cut nerve being as far as possible brought close together. He even suggests that, in sewing together the parts above the nerve, ligatures should be used to prevent any gaping that might possibly tend to pull the severed ends apart. Against those who declared that the severed ends of nerves never grow together, Theodoric attests that he has often seen a perfect union of a severed nerve follow upon proper treatment. His discussion on this whole subject is typical of the way he treats many surgical questions. If he first quotes the older authorities with a good deal of reverence, he does not hesitate to disagree with them, stating his own, and usually his father's, experience, and

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then commonly giving quite complete details of the technique that he uses to produce his results.

What Theodoric has to say about anæsthetics will seem to many the most incredible and certainly the most comforting, part of his work. Theodoric describes the use of a soporific sponge (*spongia somnifera*) which, after being steeped in a mixture of opium, hyoscyamus, hemlock, wild lettuce, and mulberry juice, was inhaled by the patient. The fumes produced a state of narcosis very similar to that which now follows the inhalation of ether or chloroform. That it must have produced good surgical anæsthesia we can judge both from the known nature of its ingredients and from the fact that the surgeons of the time were able to perform operations which their patients could not possibly have borne unless some such beneficent agent were at hand. Again, as might be expected in one whose experience was drawn from military surgery, Theodoric gives some very interesting details of technical manœuvres of various kinds for the removal of arrowheads and other weapons, and also of thorns, splinters, and pieces of glass. And under the surgeon's apron we spy the flannel habit. For he suggests that when the extraction of such objects causes great pain a series of prayers should be recited and special invocations made to Nicodemus, who, according to tradition, drew the nails from Christ's Hands and Feet in taking His sacred Body down from the Cross.

Two striking chapters of the second book treat of injuries to the skull, fractures as well as contusions. Slight fissures of the skull, or, as Theodoric calls them, "capillary fractures," that is, cracks of the bone without any displacement of the fragments, which might readily remain latent, were to be recognized, as was suggested by Hippocrates, by the pouring on of a black fluid which revealed them. Fractures of the base of the skull might be diagnosed by having the patient hold his nose and mouth shut and then have him blow manfully (*viriliter*). If through any crack in the bone any of the air should find its way out, the conclusion must be that the skull had been

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fractured down to the covering of the brain or even to the brain itself, manifestly a very serious condition. Theodoric confesses to giving a better prognosis than is usual with surgeons. He reports that he has seen patients in whom both the membranes (coverings of the brain) had been torn, and some from whom no small quantity of brain-substance had come away, who yet entirely recovered. "Of this fact," he says, "we are as sure as we are of death." He tells the story of a man from whom one of the cells (probably, as Gurlt suggests, one of the ventricles of the brain) was entirely evacuated, and yet the man got well. Even the father, Hugo, was surprised at the man's memory returning as before. Manifestly, father and son had seen a case, not unlike our famous "tamping-iron" case, in which a tamping-iron, driven through the skull of a man and carrying away a considerable amount of brain substance, resulted in a cure, with no enduring loss of memory or any recognizable disturbance of intelligence. Again, the thorough knowledge gained by the group of surgeons, from and with whom Bishop Theodoric worked, is illustrated in his treatment of injuries of the cervical vertebræ. Detailed symptoms were recognized and differentiated. The Bishop did not rest on the diagnosis that these patients were suffering from what used to be called a "broken back," and that death was practically inevitable. He says: "If you wish to know whether the patient will get better or not, consider whether his hands relax without feeling or control, as if dead; whether the patient can move them or not; whether he is capable of extending them; whether he feels when they are pinched or touched with a sharp instrument. If all these symptoms are negative the condition is mortal. If, however, there is some movement and the patient feels pressure with the fingers, then you may be sure that the spinal cord in the neck is unhurt." And so about the differentiating symptoms of other regions of the spine, the dorsal and lumbar, so far as he surprisingly knew them.

This story of Theodoric, Bishop and Surgeon, as it has

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come out in recent years, is a complete contradiction of most of the accepted history of medicine and surgery. Writers, such as Draper and White, who would have us believe that there had been a great ecclesiastical suppression of medical science in order to leave a free field for relics and prayers and pilgrimages, while surgery itself was supposed to have been hampered by the rule forbidding clerics to practise it because the shedding of blood was unseemly, have their confutation in the career of a member of a great Order, who was encouraged in his work, and who, in the hand that held the crozier, held also the instruments that are for the healing of the body of man.

JAMES J. WALSH.

IMMORTALITY

I

TO nations and men there come, at moments of crisis and heart-searching, musings as to their fate after death. When the first deep sleep is past, men awake and ask themselves, not without misgivings, "If sleep means this stillness of thought and activity, this oblivion untroubled even by fitful dreams, what shall death mean?" Shall the oblivion be prolonged unendingly? Shall the real "me"—whatever it be—sink back into the deeps of the unconscious? And nations, too, ask the same fateful questions when Death rides rough-shod through the ranks of their armies.

How, indeed, can we avoid what is one of the most stupendous of all issues? However strong be our faith in the life after death, we must all wonder involuntarily *what* it is that persists. Is it my personality that survives? And will it enjoy anything but a pale, spectral life? Shall I recognize those I love in the spirit-world? And the happiness of a spirit—what shall it be? For others, whose faith has been dissolved by doubt, the questions are more awful.

Is there *anything* that can persist? Is not death the end of all, not a "throbbing impulse" into a new spirit-life, but a catastrophic close of all human hope and love and effort? Is not life but a striving—a little love, a little fear, high hope and scant achievement—which is all to end in smother? Do not I, the whole living person, thought and will, feeling and emotion, die and lapse into nothing but a few bones and a little dust? Some philosophers tortured by these thoughts have even asked if immortality be desirable. Here, then, are the questions fraught with the fullness of human destiny. If we can answer them securely and silence lingering doubts, then the stars in their courses, the seasons in their cycle, and all this mighty reeling world may have, even for us men, some great meaning. If not, we are the veriest "sport of a chaos of forces."

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We propose, then, to state what we deem a precise and invulnerable argument for personal immortality. It is old as the thought of the Greeks, was beloved by the greatest of the mediæval philosophers, and may be pointed by references to modern research in psychology and physiology. Let us, however, not be misunderstood from the beginning. No proof in philosophy can be wholly wrenched from its surroundings, nor from its place in the gradual march of ideas from the study of men and things to the study of God. We can only attempt to draw together the relevant considerations, and form a mosaic. We omit, not without reluctance, all the tangled history of this, philosophy's most human problem, lest perhaps the issue should be obscured by conflicting opinion. Lastly, we do not attempt to silence the sceptic, nor the other philosophers who, with ill-concealed satisfaction, bid us relinquish an impossible task. Their thoughts, and all their temperamental diffidence, must be considered and answered in the theory of knowledge. We are bound for a study in psychology.

II

The problem of immortality comprises three questions : Is our vital principle material or immaterial ? If immaterial, does it survive the fact of death ? If it survives, does it persist unendingly ? We must take these questions, one by one, and first the immateriality of our vital principle.

When we speak of our vital principle at this stage, we presuppose nothing. We are living beings, as are rodents and monocellular organisms, and we, like them, enjoy a vital principle. A principle, Aristotle defined as "that by which a thing is, is made or is known," and when we speak of a vital principle we mean just that constitutive element or factor in us which gives rise to the characteristic manifestations of life. The smallest animal or green cell enjoys a triple power of nutrition, or absorption from within, growth, or expansion from within, and reproduction. This triple biological function is pursued

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through a series of immanent changes which, while being stimulated from without, are developed from within. A neatly articulated engine or machine, someone suggests? "Assuredly," we may reply, with Professor J. Arthur Thomson, "the organism may be called an engine; but it must be remembered that it is a self-stoking, self-repairing, self-preservative, self-adjusting, self-increasing, self-reproducing engine."*

Now we naturally attribute these characteristic vital properties, "self-stoking, self-adjusting, self-increasing," and the rest, to a vital principle. In short, we human beings, enjoying a sixfold capacity, are capable of eliciting one or more of six typical activities. All our conscious and unconscious life, in all its variety of tone and feeling, in all its changeable moods and operations, is reducible to thought, will, sensation, feeling (*e.g.*, of tension and relaxation as contrasted with a sensation of redness or extension), the vegetative capacity of nutrition, growth and reproduction, and lastly, locomotion. These six typical human activities and all their complexes and combinations we attribute to the human vital principle which is more often spoken of as the soul. We shall keep to the term "vital principle" lest, perhaps, we should appear to evade the issue.

In case anyone should dispute what seems a simple thought, let us suggest a proof. A living person dies. A change takes place. The living person was capable of a whole gamut of immanent changes—an immanent act is one which has its final result in the agent—as, for instance, thought, desire, nutrition, sensation, and the rest. The dead body is capable of no immanent change: it is merely inert matter, subject only to change from without, and disintegration from within. The change from a living person to a dead body is therefore considerable. Now, in every change of this type—it is known technically as a substantial transformation, or what we may call a radical change of nature—something must remain, and

* See Prof. Thomson's articles, "Is there one Science of Nature?" (*Hibbert Journal*, Oct., 1911, and Jan., 1912).

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something must disappear. And this something which disappears at the moment of death is precisely the human principle of activity which is responsible for the six characteristic human operations of thought, will, sensation, feeling, nutrition—growth—generation, and locomotion. We shall not stay to labour a point which was a Thirteenth Century storm-centre—has the term *de unitate formarum*, associations for our readers?—and concerning which St. Thomas Aquinas endured many bitter assaults. Let the thought be liberated from its long and heated discussion. We human beings possess a vital principle or principle of activity which manifests itself in *six* simple, irreducible ways. Lower animals are actuated by a vital principle, capable of *four or five* manifestations; they lack our human intellectual capacity of conceiving ideas, and of linking them in judgments or in one or other of the reasoning processes. So we may run down the scale of living beings from the highest, the human person, to the lowest, an organism composed of one green cell, showing how the manifestations of the different vital principles gradually decrease in number. In any case we human beings possess six activities—their combinations are almost illimitable—of which two, intellect and sense, are of paramount importance in this study.

III

To the question of intellect and sense we turn immediately. By intellect we mean not what is known in literature and life as "intelligence"—elephants, dogs, not to speak of Eberfeld horses, may be "intelligent" in this sense—but the triple human power of conceiving ideas, like mercy, beast, triangle, of judging about them, and of linking the judgments in deductive and inductive chains of reasoning. By sense, we mean just the power of undergoing the well-known "external" sensations, vision, touch, hearing and the rest, and the other internal sense-events like those of the circulatory and respiratory systems.

Now the point on which this whole study pivots is that intellect and sense are irreducible one to the other ;

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that, in consequence, they are separate elements or factors within the sphere of consciousness. Somehow modern philosophers have been loath to concede this truth which seemed so obvious to the greatest of the Greeks. They have taught that intellect is nothing more than sense sharpened and "sublimated," or sense rendered more schematic and therefore more general. Intellect, thus regarded, is a natural development of sensation, differing from it not in kind but in degree. All the Associationists, Materialists, Positivists, and all the evolutionary psychologists have taught this fundamental similarity of reason and sense, in spite of every apparent difference. And even some of the later experimental psychologists, Titchener, Ach and others, have added ingenious, if unconvincing, arguments to swell the same volume of opinion.

Those who have clung to the Aristotelean tradition have, on the other hand, asserted with vigour that intellect and sense differ radically; that, however interdependent they may be, they are simple, and irreducible one to another. They have marshalled strong arguments, showing that attention, comparison, judgment, the power of reflection, and that strange power of turning back on our own thoughts and feelings in the act of self-consciousness, all argue something beyond the sphere of sense.* Intellect, in other words, is not as sense: it is supra-sensible. These arguments, weighty and convincing, have been reinforced within recent years by discoveries in our psychological laboratories. By making people undergo sensations, and by making them set up thought-processes, we have been able to show *that the events known as sensations are totally and discernibly different from the events known as thoughts*. Many of the German psychologists, notably Külpe and Bühler, have laboured in these fruitful fields of research. Moreover, what is vastly important, by these experimental methods we are enabled to show that intellectual activities differ from sensations, feelings, imaginations, associations, or any of

* Arguments of this type will be found in Father Maher's *Psychology*.

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their complexes, taken two or more at a time ; that intellect and sense are "irreducible elements"—we quote Bühler—in consciousness. Thus by an appeal to fact, tested and proved by experimental methods, we are enabled to reinforce the old arguments of the Aristotelean tradition in a way that is peculiarly modern. Experimental psychology may yet take us back to the *de Anima* of Aristotle !* Let this brief indication of the older logical arguments and of the newer psychological proofs suffice. Arguments and proofs converge to show that no sharpening, refining or sublimating of sensation can possibly produce any one of the three characteristic manifestations of intellect ; that intellect and sense, however inseparable and interdependent, are yet radically distinct and distinguishable from one another.

IV

Strange as it may seem, this conclusion takes us far along the road in proving the immateriality of the human vital principle. The case at this point may be put in few words. Sensations depend immediately and directly upon the nervous system ; they work through an immediate and appropriate physiological organ : they are in that sense "per-organic" and material.† Intellect, which is radically distinct from sensation, has no appropriate bodily organ. Its dependence upon the nervous system is not immediate but indirect ; in that sense intellect is not per-organic : it is immaterial. With these reflections it is clear that we leave the domain of psychology proper for physiology.

Sensations, whether they be of "blueness," or middle G, or the perfume of violets, work directly through the nervous system which we can trace from the periphery

* An interesting account of these newer psychological methods will be found in Dr. Aveling's *Consciousness of the Universal*, and many interesting papers are collected in the *Etudes Psychologiques* of Louvain.

† Professor Thiéry, of Louvain, has showed the materiality of sense in another, more original and interesting, manner. Sensations obey Weber's Law, and Weber's Law is only a psychological statement of the law governing the changes of material things ($F=ma$).

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to the centre. Moreover, we can, as is well known, find the brain-centres which, on being stimulated, will produce a counterfeit sensation. Suppress or damage the centre, or lobe, as the case may be, and you suppress at one and the same time the sensation. Could any connection be more intimate? The excitation of the appropriate nerve-centre produces a sensation or motion: its suppression means the annihilation of the sense-power. Such a power is eminently per-organic. In addition to the localized brain-centres, which are known to control this muscular reaction or that sensation of hearing, there are "silent areas" like the frontal lobes of the brain that determine the contour of the forehead, to which we can attribute no specific function. But—this is the all-important point—we can find no area, silent or otherwise, which is the medium of intellect. Each of the leading typical sensations has its own brain-centre; the intellect has none. Let none pin his faith to the silent areas. They are composed of the same grey and white "stuff" as the rest of the brain, and are identical with other lobes and centres in general structure. Doubtless their function may soon be discovered. There are many bodily reactions which may yet be traced to their co-operation or instrumentality. A current applied to a frontal lobe, however, will not produce a thought or other intellectual act.

So far the proof that intellect *has* no specific immediate organ. It is interesting to note further that it *cannot* possibly have such an organ. It is, so to say, "crowded out." As the considerations are technical, we need only drop a passing hint. The simple fact is that we know of sensations, imagery, feelings, desires, reflex-actions and locomotion, all of which are effected through the nervous system. That system is composed of brain, spinal cord and nerves communicating with the periphery. Now all the feasible combinations of brain, cord and periphery are exhausted by the processes of sensation and the rest which we have just named. Intellectual events, differing from them all, are reducible neither to sense, nor feeling, nor imagination, nor any of their com-

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plexes. No appropriate organ of intellect can, therefore, be found in the whole nervous system. We only touch briefly upon a series of fruitful but highly technical considerations.

Our brief excursus into the domain of physiology at an end, we may summarize our findings. First, intellect and sense are radically different from one another, and, secondly, intellect, unlike sensation, has no appropriate bodily organ.

It would, of course, be idle to deny that intellect depends upon the nervous system. In case anyone should feel indisposed to follow our coming conclusion, we may, therefore, assert that dependence of intellect with vigour. For intellectual operations, former sense-perceptions or immediate imagery are indispensable, and both sense-perceptions and their residue in consciousness, our fund of imagery, depend with all possible immediacy upon nervous functions. Further, intellectual acts require attention which has a well-defined nervous concomitant—witness the nervous exhaustion that follows a few hours of concentrated thought! Nervous energy is, therefore, indispensable for the operations of intellect. While, however, the nervous system is justly regarded as a *conditio sine qua non* of intellectual activity, we must refrain from thinking of it as a cause. The fact of the outstanding difference between intellect and sense must not be forgotten. While sense works in and through the nerve system, intellect does not. The connection of intellect with that system is thus extrinsic or indirect.

Now, at last, we may speed ahead. Intellectual activities are not infrequent in our lives. Thoughts, judgments, reasonings, in clamorous variety, besiege our consciousness. All our significant use of language, even in its adverbs and epithets, betrays the work of intellect. All our power to know and understand, to attach values to alternatives of thought or conduct, to give a meaning to impressions that fleet through consciousness, or to events that persist in our lives,—all depends upon the work of intellect. Life without intellect would be a

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mass of bewildering, perishing experiences, a thing of sense-perception, sense-desire and sensuous memory, without even a trace of general ideas, significant judgments, formulated laws, or lofty motives. Intellectual activity is not only not infrequent in our lives : it is insistent : it is our search-light whether we look outward, inward, or upward.

Intellectual activities are thus well-known conscious events. They have no corresponding organ in the entire human body. They are, therefore, immaterial. The conclusion rings out so clearly that many people tend to regard it as philosophical legerdemain. Yet, how can the conclusion be avoided ? If sensation be material, seeing that it works in and through the matter of the nervous system, how can intellect fail to be immaterial if its connection with that matter is only extrinsic and indirect ? Its happenings are indeed conditioned and limited by matter. To be conditioned by matter, however, is not thereby to be rendered material.

"Immaterial," a critic may repeat, "immaterial, but what does the term mean ?" If our answer seems uncommunicative, our critic must blame the conditions of human knowledge. Immaterial ? It means "not as matter," and, therefore, "not subject to material laws," "not bound by material organs" ; in fact, the negative of matter in its nature and operations. And intellect is all this because its activities, while being both real and significant, have no intrinsic nexus with any part of the central or peripheral nervous system.

"But," it may be urged, "the effect of anæsthetics must not be forgotten. Laughing gas suspends sensation, if not imagination. Chloroform probably suspends all conscious processes, and with them all our thought-activities, by its effect upon the central nervous system. If by arresting both local and central nervous processes we can also suspend every operation of intellect, it would seem that intellect is, after all, only a function of our nerve centres, and not an immaterial activity."

The facts adduced will not be disputed ; only the

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conclusion outruns the facts. There are, as we have already suggested, two essential conditions of thought-activity, one attention, the other sensation or its residue, imagery. Each of these conditions has a well-defined neural concomitant ; indeed, each depends immediately and directly upon a discharge of "nervous energy." The manifestations of intellect are thus conditioned and limited by nerve processes. The suspension of these processes may render impossible any intellectual activity. We may not infer, however, that chloroform attacks the intellect ; it only suspends one or more of the indispensable conditions of its immediate expression.

The same may be said of a deep sleep, undisturbed by dream or thought. If dreams be absent, then our fund of imagery, like our sensation of hearing, has been temporarily suspended. If images flit to and fro, unaccompanied by thought or judgment, then probably our attention, one of thought's indispensable conditions, has failed in sleep to "polarize" our conscious events. The phenomena of sleep, anæsthetization, and fatigue thus fail to invalidate our conclusion that intellect is a real, immaterial activity. That conclusion, we submit, stands four-square to any winds that may blow from the fields of psychology or medicine.

We turn to summarize rapidly. We discovered that our human vital principle actuates our six characteristic operations, two of which are known as intellect and sense. Intellect is an immaterial activity. It therefore follows that our vital principle—"form," determinant soul or whatever it be called—is immaterial. For that which is bounded by the laws of matter cannot produce something which defies and escapes those laws. The greater cannot issue from the less. Matter cannot actuate the immaterial.

Our first question is answered. The human vital principle is immaterial.

V

The problem of immortality, it will be remembered, is made up of three questions: Is the human vital

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principle immaterial ? If immaterial, does it survive the fact of death ? If it survives does it persist unendingly ? We have given a brief outline of a satisfying answer to the first. By starting in our psychological laboratories, and collecting information from physiologists, we are driven, step by step, as we follow the facts, to a highly immaterial conclusion. The framework of the proof may be found in the works of Aristotle, and in the commentaries of St. Thomas Aquinas. Recent research happily endorses the basic facts of the old proof. Old argument and new fact welded together yield a satisfying and convincing proof that we human beings are not as the lower animals ; that our souls are not as the material things by which we are surrounded ; that we are members of a spirit-world even "on this side death."

We turn then, at once, to consider the second question. Does the human soul survive the fact of death ? Let us recall our relevant, outstanding conclusions. The human soul—by soul we mean nothing more than our immaterial vital principle—is not as matter, the laws of which it escapes and defies. Matter is extended and therefore divisible into simpler and more elemental parts. It may be actually undivided. That matters little. If it is extended we think at least that it is divisible, if not by mechanical, physical or chemical means, at least in thought. Greater masses of stuff are divisible into atoms and molecules, which, in turn, can be split up into electronic units. Matter is eminently divisible. The human soul, which is unlike matter both in nature and operation, is therefore not divisible into simpler parts. It is inextended and indivisible—to chronicle two salient particulars of our negative knowledge of spirit.

Now divisibility may be of many diverse kinds. A log of pine-wood is divided into a hundred splinters. An atom of hydrogen is divided into its electrical constituents. A living person, too, at the moment of death, suffers divisibility. The immaterial principle is split from the material principle which together constitutes

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the human nature. Briefly, wherever there is a rupture of any compound of any kind into its simpler constitutive elements, we speak of divisibility. The human soul, which is not as matter and, therefore, indivisible, cannot suffer any of the typical forms of rupture or disintegration. There is nothing more simple than itself into which it can be resolved, either by electrical energy or by the fact of death. It is literally an irreducible "element."

Then what is death? Let us forget the misery and horror of the last few years as we turn to answer a purely scientific question. Death? It is a phenomenon of divisibility. The two distinct principles, one immaterial, the other material, which were united inseparably through life, part company at the moment of death. Our human principle of activity is separated from the determinable material element with which it was associated, and the living person becomes a dead inert body. Death is thus a phenomenon of disintegration, the disruption of living into inorganic matter. That which was compounded of diverse elements is resolved into its simpler parts. Death is, therefore, a change, a catastrophe, which can only overtake material, divisible things. The human soul, which is indivisible, cannot be divided. It can suffer no disintegration or disruption at the moment of death. It cannot, therefore, die. Whatever else may be its fate, whatever change it may undergo, it must resist death. It therefore survives. Death is, then, a particular change of a far-reaching kind which cannot affect the indivisible spirit-world. And whether we be embodied or disembodied spirits, we belong, at least in part, to the great spirit-world over which Death has no dominion. Our principle of activity, which makes us what we are, which is our vital principle, our "soul," seat of all our human and personal characteristics, fount of temperament, character, habit, disposition, source of all the loves, fears, hopes, which stir and move our unsteady lives—this principle of activity remains supremely unaffected at the touch of Death.

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VI

If our souls, which are the "dynamos" of our lives, the determining factors in our personality, survive, do they persist unendingly? We have split this question from that of survival, in order that the two issues might not be confused. Survival means that our souls can resist the change of death. Immortality—not subject to death—might seem to imply this and no more. Yet immortality really goes far beyond the fact of survival. It means that we endure eternally; that our existence may have a beginning but no end; that our souls resist not only the change of death, but every other change that might destroy our continuous existence. To assert immortality is to deny the possibility of annihilation.

In the past the two problems of survival and real immortality have sometimes been confused. Philosophers have argued, as did Kant, from the existence of a moral law to the necessity of a never-ending "life." Others have argued from the fact of duty, and from the simple truth that virtue is not its own reward to the conclusion of immortality. If heroic sacrifice, obedience to law, duty, virtue, be not suitably rewarded in the life that we know, there must, they have held, be a further life after death in which the great adjustment between virtue and happiness shall at last be completed. And if philosophers have wanted a "heaven" for the virtuous, Robert Browning curtly remarked, "There may be a Heaven; there must be a Hell." The thought might even serve as title to a volume on recent crimes against humanity, justice and international decency. Briefly, men have argued that virtue calls for a suitable never-ending reward of happiness, and vice for never-ending punishment.*

Let us admit that virtue and vice ought to meet with fitting sanction; that the rewards and punishments, in

* It will be observed that we are not touching here upon questions of Theology. We are only considering the problem of Immortality, on its merits, in the light of reason and experience alone. We, therefore, make no appeal throughout to the supreme facts of Revelation.

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a world where the good suffer and the evil prosper, are inadequate ; that virtue and vice argue survival. So far we understand. But why does virtue call for a *never-ending* happiness ? Why this sudden rush from a temporal fact to an eternal sanction ? If there must be reward, why could not "one crowded hour of glorious life" meet the case admirably ? Or, not to push things to extremes, why could not the disembodied spirit enjoy as many, or twice as many, years of happiness as of virtuous life "on earth" ? To these questions we have never seen any fitting answer. The "ethical argument," as it is sometimes called, no doubt argues survival. We are on the track of a proof for unending persistence.

So far we have shown that our souls are immaterial and that they are unaffected in nature—whatever we may say of their mode of activity—by death. We see at once, however, that they may be annihilated. If they cannot be radically transformed or disintegrated, they can at least be reduced to nothingness. What, then, is to be said in favour of annihilation ? Let us candidly allow, from the outset, that our whole argument for immortality, even though admittedly true, would be worthless if annihilation were a serious possibility. It were well to scrutinize terms closely.

By annihilation we mean reduction to nonentity or nothingness, and in the same breath we must allow that it is a process of which we have no experience. In chemical laboratories elements are united into compounds, which in turn are disintegrated. Things, too, are made to pass from one state to another ; but the law, governing the whole series of actual and possible changes, is that of the indestructibility of matter. *Rien ne se crée ; rien ne se perd*. Things may be changed partially or radically ; they do not disappear into the void. Similarly in the kingdom of life : things change in ways that bewilder summary description until death—the supreme change—ends their eventful history. They change, but never by any chance are they reduced to nothingness. Inorganic matter changes the nature and mode of its presentation.

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Organic matter may be transformed by disruptive processes into the inorganic. Such is the summary of our experience. Energy, too, may be transformed or dissipated. It may be lost to view: it may be rendered totally inaccessible. Never, to our knowledge, is it destroyed. With the indestructibility of matter, and the conservation of energy as fundamental laws of our sciences, whence came this thought of annihilation? If matter and energy enjoy their own form of persistence, in spite of every centrifugal influence, why should we turn to annihilate our souls with such haste?

Annihilation, then, is a mere possibility. Nothing within our experience is ever annihilated. On the contrary, things are transformed and conserved. It is, however, conceivable that our souls should be—shall we say?—"snuffed out" like so many candles that have served their turn. Conceivable it is; but there is no shred of evidence in its favour. We deal with it, therefore, as a mere possibility which reveals no internal contradiction. For the rest we can only confront this suggestion of spiritual obliteration with the facts of experience to test its power as an hypothesis.

One great outstanding fact in the science of the last fifteen years is a return—a prodigal return—to the conception of purpose. Purpose had been anathematized and summarily ejected from the scientific vocabulary. Everything was to be explained in terms of matter and motion, without any quasi-theological ideas like that of purpose. Things living were to be assimilated to things inorganic, and the whole universe, of human, biological and physical things, was to be explained in some mechanical formula. The triumph of this mechanical conception was scarce complete when the inevitable reaction began. From every side, and incidentally from every country in Europe, a bombardment of growing intensity was started. The old mechanical conception was surrendered by many of the physicists—we quote Ostwald—as a "tissue of unproven hypotheses." The philosophers, not uninfluenced by M. Bergson, joined in the fray. The biolo-

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gists, in large numbers, frankly deserted the mechanical conception and reinstated "purpose" in their science, no longer as an illuminating idea but as an ascertained if immeasurable fact. The homing of a swallow, as Professor Thomson of Aberdeen would say, differs from the return of a boomerang; it is the expression of a deep-seated purpose. In this way teleology has been reinstated, and wisdom has been justified in her Aristotelean children.

Things of the inorganic world reveal a characteristic, limited group of reactions, which can only be explained in terms of a central, intrinsic purpose. The recurrence of the same chemical elements in spite of multitudinous changes, the reappearance of the same indicative crystalline form—could anything be more arresting than this haunting instance of order?—require for explanation something more than a blind play of forces. There is a limit to change, a recurring type of reaction, controlled by some deep-set purpose in the very nature of things. Living beings show this same purpose even more strikingly. Their strange adaptability, and instinctive actions, their regularity of behaviour in spite of every diversity of stimulus, defy mechanical interpretation.* The actions of living things are controlled by some central, inspiring purpose.

This growing conviction of the purposiveness of all things, physical and biological, is not without its importance in our study. Seeing that nothing positive could be said in favour of annihilation, we naturally turned to question the facts and observations of life. They helped us to set up a law of intrinsic purposiveness. We now return to consider the human person.

We men are distinguished from all other animals by our power of intellect, and by that twin-power of rational choice. Our intellects are not bounded by particulars—indeed they could not think the "particular" even if they would—nor are our wills limited in their range of

* From many works of importance we would single out for reference Hans Driesch's Gifford Lectures, "Science and Philosophy of the Organism," and the works of Professor J. Arthur Thomson.

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desire. Our intellects, however busy with ephemeral interests, can yet entertain the thought, not of this good or that good, but of a universal good, which far transcends them all. The will, following the trail of intellect, desires this universal good under the form of a supreme unchanging happiness. Indeed, we grow restive in life on account of this very longing for the supreme good. We are driven forward by a desire to acquire or accomplish something. On its attainment, we recoil or grow listless, not because it is not good, but because it is not the supreme unfailing good which we must all perforce seek. St. Thomas Aquinas even suggests that this deep-set desire, or craving for the supreme good, which shall fill up the measure of our longing for happiness, is to the operation of our wills what the laws of thought are to the operations of intellect. When we add that these laws are the guide, control and norm of all significant thought, we can see the vividness and power of the parallel. Driven by intellect and will, we yearn for a complete and never-ending happiness that shall still every striving and fulfil every desire. Intellect and will, our distinguishing human operations, thus impel us to conceive and desire a happiness which this life never yields. Have our distinguishing human characteristics no purpose?

The very question sets us musing. We men are the "consummation of the scheme of being," on account of these very powers of intellect and will. All the world of living things, and the almost unlimited world of inorganic matter, are in a sense subject to us, because an all-embracing intellect illuminates the alternatives of our rational choice. We can conceive far-reaching plans; we can adapt, move and make things. The lower animals can perform wonderful feats by instinct. But there is a difference between the beauty of a spider's web and the grandeur of Chartres Cathedral. There is an even greater difference between the organization of an ant-colony and the government of a mighty modern state. The difference is due to our human intellect and will. Moreover, all our other powers and possibilities are tributary to these

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higher rational capacities. Sense, feeling, memory, our power of moving from place to place and of executing our desires, what are they all if not the servants of intellect and will? We men thus stand out as anomalies in a world of much beauty and power, by reason of this two-fold higher capacity, to which all else in us pays tribute.

In a world, then, that is signed and sealed with the mark of purpose, it were strange indeed if intellect and will were meaningless. The greatest use of both powers is found in conceiving and loving the highest good, and in desiring the unbroken, everlasting happiness which the highest good alone can confer. The more casual and practical uses of both powers, busy with the needs of the day and the morrow, are not to be compared with the highest conception and the deepest longing which, however unobserved, however stifled, dwell throbbingly "in the innermost." Shall our intellects, then, be dismissed as purposeless, or our wills condemned to inanition? In a world of purposiveness shall just these distinguishing human powers, in the very height of their exercise, be condemned as futile and illusory? If it were so, then we men, leading lives of high purpose, which were all to end in the stillness not of death but of annihilation, would be, as we suggested, the veriest sport of a chaos of forces. The world might have some inner significance in its secular comings and goings, but no meaning for us, the highest and best of its creatures, thus condemned, in the inevitable exercise of their distinguishing powers, to futility, illusion and final disaster. One almost hears the dying cry of Paracelsus who, musing over these thoughts, cried out, "... if life be so, then I for one protest against it, and I hurl it back with scorn."

No reason can be adduced in favour of our annihilation at or after the moment of death. On the other hand, there lies the great inductive principle of teleology, of the intrinsic purposiveness of things, to assure us that the central thought and desire of mankind from the beginning shall not be thwarted, that thought and desire inevitably look to an unending future life, in which the heroic

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adjustments that this life needs shall be effected, and in which we men shall enter into a fuller realization of our present membership of the spirit-world. Our third and last question ran in the form: "If we survive, do we persist unendingly?" Our answer is briefly this. We can persist. There is no reason or fact to suggest that we do not persist. There is the great truth of purposiveness to show that, unless we persist, we are the sole beings smitten with real, intrinsic, meaninglessness in a world of purpose. The mere possibility which we styled annihilation must, in the light of fact, be dismissed as untenable. We persist unendingly.

VII

Such, in brief outline, are the considerations which go to show that we are immortal. The stages of the proof are not difficult to follow. By differentiating between intellect and sense, and by examining the nervous system, we concluded that intellect was immaterial. The human principle of activity—vital principle, form or soul—which has this one immaterial manifestation in intellect, cannot, itself, fail to be immaterial. Being immaterial, our principle of activity, which constitutes the determining factor in the real "me," cannot possibly be affected by the change of death. It survives. Further, it must persist, unless the most significant events in the lives of the most significant beings that we know are to be dismissed, in a world of harmony and purpose, as a cruel and protracted illusion. In other words, our principle of activity, which is unaffected by death, will not be annihilated. The theme might well be enlarged in many necessary ways. Even this outline, however, may perhaps show those who are interested, and even those who have been tortured by doubt, that facts drawn from many sciences, on being interpreted by philosophers, can yield a standard proof of immortality.

At the close of our proof, we revert to our opening questions. Shall the real "me" lapse back into the unconscious in death, as in sleep? Shall I recognize those

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I love in the spirit-world ? And the happiness of a spirit—what shall it be ?

First, the possibility of an unconscious eternity. A moment's reflection assures us that such an immortality would be nothing better than annihilation. If every thought, feeling, desire, and every power of my soul be stilled for ever, I, as an active person, cannot be interested in an inoperative persistence. Such a suggestion offends against the same teleological principle which enabled us to dismiss the possibility of annihilation. But there is more. What is it that will persist ? Just the principle of activity, the active, determining factor in my nature and personality. Linked with a material principle, throughout an enigmatic life, its operations are conditioned and limited by matter. Sleep, an anæsthetic, fatigue, delirium, disease, may each render its exercise impossible. The fact remains that it is of the nature of a principle of activity to be active. Once it has parted company with its material fellow-principle at the moment of death, it will cease to be limited and hampered by material conditions. How it will act, who shall say ? It is sufficient to know that it is *essentially* active to be assured that it will not lapse into the stillness of sleep. The idea of an unconscious eternity thus ignores the very nature of the active principle that will persist. Like many another haunting thought, it lacks foundation in fact.

Speeding along, we come to our second question : " Shall I recognize those I love in the spirit-world ? " Where, we would ask, is the difficulty or impossibility ? The surviving reality is the active principle of my personality, " seat," as we have suggested, " of all our human and personal characteristics, fount of temperament, character, habit, disposition," source of all the passions and emotions which guide and inspire our lives. All that we most treasure in others, all that we regard as most " real " in ourselves will thus persist. Why, then, or rather how shall we fail to recognize those we love ? When eye and ear shall have ceased to bring recognition, when my sensuous knowledge with all its clinging

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indirectness, shall have failed, I shall recognize those I love, no longer as man to man, but as spirit to spirit, soul to soul. All the indirectness of our knowledge, which is built so slowly, by processes that move so heavily, shall give way to some more direct, more immediate "seizure," some power to grasp and understand and love, which must ever escape us while our spirits are both helped and hampered by matter. Whence comes the supposed difficulty in recognizing our friends in the spirit-world that lies, not beyond death, but in and around us now? Possibly the difficulty may be prompted by the thought that we, if we survive the change of death, shall be pale, impersonal spectres. What can be "pale" in the active principle, upon which all the fullness and richness of our experience depends? What can be "impersonal" in the very active principle of our personality? What can be "spectral" or attenuated in the very spirit of a man? If the questions themselves induce silence, let us cling to the fact that recognitions and loves will endure, not only through the changes of life but also beyond the last great change of death.

We turn to our last question: "What shall the happiness of a spirit be?" What could we expect, unless it be our lifetime's happiness, tempered, refined and heightened? All that we have loved in life, all the fleeting happiness that has come through the beauties of river and sky and forest, through the appreciation of justice, freedom and all things good, through devotion to knowledge and truth, all these are spiritual values that may be known in their inward nature to the spirit-world. Happiness throughout life is not found in the pleasures of sense, however insistent or satisfying, but in the things of the spirit. It is the soul of a man that clings to every partial glimpse of beauty, reflected in sensible form; that appraises the nobility of devotion and sacrifice, of prudence, justice, courage, restraint; that can surrender all things in the cause of truth. If, therefore, these passing refractions of eternal values can so stir our wayfaring souls with a sense of beauty and sublimity, "what marvellous

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loves " shall they not inspire when our spirits, no longer suffering the conditions of matter, shall burst free and unconfined into their own spirit-world. Our life's broken happiness can then be fulfilled and all our deep desire for this supreme, abiding good can at last be assuaged. There will be the meeting, never to part, with the friends that we have loved and lost in life. There will be the vision of God, Who, hidden and scarce known throughout life, will show Himself majestic and resplendent to the souls of men as they pass through the portals of death.

JOHN G. VANCE.

SIMPLICITY IN RELIGION

AN idea, perhaps little short of a conviction, that the Catholic religion is, by reason of its complexity, opposed to the simplicity of the Gospel, is commonly current among Englishmen. On the one hand, they say, are transcendental propositions, elaborated at length in ponderous volumes, and taught even to little children in a Catechism replete with dogma. On the other hand is the unadorned saying of the Divine Master: "This is Life Eternal to know Thee, the One True God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Against the Athanasian Creed is set the simple affirmation: "I and the Father are One." Insistence on seven outward sacraments as the channels of inward grace are contrasted with the unqualified declaration, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." So, in the sphere of ethics, the Sermon on the Mount seems to some to be far removed in its spirit from the discussions and refinements of the Jesuit moralists. And, if we turn to the matter of worship, what contrast can be imagined more acute than that between the homely meetings for the Breaking of Bread, of which we get precious glimpses in the Acts of the Apostles, and High Mass sung in the presence of a Bishop on his throne in a majestic cathedral?

To some minds the opposition would seem to be complete. In one camp are the simple fishermen who left their nets to follow the Carpenter of Nazareth; in another are ranged St. Thomas Aquinas and the Scholastics, Thomists and Scotists splitting dialectical hairs—spinners of words; St. Alphonsus de' Liguori and the Casuists; the Sacred Congregation of Rites and the Liturgiologists. It is roundly stated that all such learned folk are the lineal descendants of the Pharisees and Scribes. It cannot, I think, be denied that some such contrast between the New Testament and the workaday Catholic religion is sufficiently specious to dispense such critics, in their own

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view, from the obligation of examining the claim of Catholicism as a God-given revelation. Any such claim seems to them sufficiently preposterous to be dismissed without investigation. Hereditary Catholics may have no conception of this. A French lady lately asked me whether I thought that many English Protestants were in good Faith. On my replying: "Undoubtedly," she said: "Mon père, you are carried away by love of your fellow-countrymen." And when I earnestly assured her that I really did believe that almost all English Protestants were in absolute good Faith, she smiled in amusement, as she proceeded with her interrogations: "How can that be true? The English people are by no means fools. They know that Protestantism was introduced into Germany in the Sixteenth Century by Martin Luther and Katharine von Bora; into England by Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn. How, then, can the English believe that a religion with such a birth-story can, by any possibility, be the religion which was revealed ages before by Christ?" The matter evidently did not admit of discussion. She was not aware that the ordinary English Protestant hardly gives a thought to the events of the Sixteenth Century. He knows, so far as he knows anything at all about Catholicism, that it is alien to his own habits of thought, and he often suspects it is at variance with his standards of conduct; whilst, as for his public devotions, if (according to his predispositions) he betakes himself to an Anglican or Nonconformist place of worship, in either case he will find a service which he can "follow" and in which he can "join"; whereas if ever he wanders into a Catholic church, whilst Mass is being offered, it will seem to him to be all mummery. He is confirmed in his view of Catholicism as a religion whose votaries burn candles before images, count beads whilst saying their prayers, and generally indulge in superstitious practices of which we read nothing in the New Testament. They are, then, corruptions introduced into the simple religion of Christ by ecclesiastics. From this it is but another step to deal out the same measure to

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Creeds and to Sacraments ; and to declare for a religion without dogma, " the simple religion of Christ as we find it in the Bible."

What if we remind such a simple man that the Gospels record the Life and Miracles of Christ, together with a statement of His Crucifixion, Resurrection, appearances to His disciples, and Ascension to His Father's side ? The Catholic Church did not come into existence until subsequently to the Ascension. The Gospel narrative comes to its conclusion before the first Whit-Sunday had dawned ; nor had, during the lifetime of Christ, the Old Dispensation given place to the New. What, then, should we expect to find in the Gospels ? In the first place, such proofs of Our Lord's Divinity as are afforded by His miracles ; secondly, some such record of His moral teaching as is left us under the form of His parables ; finally, an adumbration merely of that which was to come when types and figures should have been gloriously fulfilled, and the Law of Moses should have done its work in leading men to Christ. All this is actually there, and in rich abundance. If we read carefully, we find, alongside of the ethical teaching, the foreshadowings of that which was to come after He had withdrawn His visible Presence from earth, impossible to understand unless Catholicism be true and represent His complete Revelation. Such, for example, are His repeated references to the sending of the Paraclete which should guide into all Truth ; such is the narrative of the formation of the Church under the Apostolic College ; such is the identification of Peter with a special and an abiding office in the Church ; such the narrative of the institution of the Eucharist ; such the power to forgive sins bestowed upon those whom He should send " even as " the Father had sent Him ; such the Visitation of Mary to Elizabeth ; such the significant statement that during the forty days which intervened between His Resurrection and Ascension He discoursed on " the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God," none of which things are recorded in print ; for if all the things that He

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said and did were to be written "every one, even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

But what of the teaching of St. Paul? We know that Harnack and other German commentators see in him the author of Christianity as an organized devotional, ecclesiastical system, whereas Christ Himself they look upon as hardly more than an enlightened and liberal Rabbi. Here, in England, St. Paul is more commonly regarded as a champion of modern Protestantism. We may read in a well-known book of controversy that a Catholic will hardly find himself at home in the writings of the Apostle of the Gentiles;—no matter that this assertion is opposed to much experience. Many years ago I observed to a distinguished Anglican divine, then a young man, now widely respected and in the enjoyment of well-earned dignities, that it seemed to me impossible consistently to accept the idea of an external, visible, world-wide, authoritative Church, organized as a unity, without submitting to the Holy See. He agreed, but said that to his mind there was something higher than logic. He looked at me, I remember, as he observed: "You must acknowledge in your heart that the *ethos* of St. Paul's Epistles is different from that of *The Glories of Mary*." The suggestion was clear. I must make my choice between St. Paul on the one hand and modern Catholicism on the other—I could not have both. It hurt and smarted like a sting. For I knew that I could not have modern Catholicism without belief in St. Paul, and already I more than suspected that St. Paul would be useless to me without modern Catholicism, without, that is, the Catholic Church, living to-day to interpret his writings. How, then, effect the reconciliation? I knew that some reconciliation was necessary if I were to be a Catholic, for there *did* exist a certain antagonism in my mind. I could not, for example, imagine St. Paul reading with pleasure a book on the glories of our Lady. The first light came to me so soon as I realized that this difficulty existed mainly in the imagination. If it

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undoubtedly was difficult to imagine St. Paul saying Mass in a chasuble, or taking part in a Procession at Lourdes, it was equally difficult to form a satisfactory picture of the great Apostle in a surplice, or as an Anglican Bishop vested in magpie costume during Evensong at St. Paul's Cathedral. Still more difficult is it, I may now add, to conceive of him as a member of an Anglican Chapter at Hereford electing an Anglican Bishop for the See, in obedience to a *Congé d'Elire* issued, as Anglicans allege, by authority of "a Baptist Prime Minister."

In this last example I think that we touch something that concerns fundamental principles. But so far as a difficulty does not touch such principles it may be safely disregarded. The problem remained to be faced on its own merits, quite apart from matters of environment and changing circumstances of time and place. Is there in substance, or merely in irrelevant accidentals, a contradiction between the *ethos* of St. Paul and that of St. Alphonsus de' Liguori? What will strike one on endeavouring dispassionately to investigate this question is the certain fact that it was not felt in any way by St. Alphonsus himself. The author of *The Glories of Mary* was beyond a doubt quite "at home" in the writings of St. Paul, which he often quotes without any suspicion that he was out of sympathy with the Apostle or that the Apostle would be out of sympathy with him. Moreover, the Epistles of St. Paul are embedded in both Missal and Breviary, and are habitually read by Catholic priests who are unaware that they are breathing one atmosphere when they read St. Paul and another when they say the Antiphons of our Lady. Surely this is significant. The fact that the difficulty about the writings of St. Paul is felt by intelligent Protestants, but not by equally intelligent Catholics, seems to point to the conclusion that words used by the Apostle—keywords to his thought, such as *justification* and *faith* and *works* and the like—are understood in one sense by Protestants and in another sense by Catholics. A little investigation will show that such is the case; and, this once grasped, the difficulty about the

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ethos of St. Paul will vanish from the intellect, though perchance it may linger to cloud the imagination. The warning given by Peter, even in the lifetime of his beloved Paul, that there are many things in his Epistles hard to be understood, remains necessary to the end of time. There is much that St. Paul wrote against the Judaizers and Gnostics of his day, the meaning of which requires technical knowledge rightly to be grasped now that Judaizing Christianity and Gnostic systems have passed into the limbo of nearly forgotten fanaticisms. But the Letters of the great Doctor of the Gentiles will in every Christian age constitute the treasure-house of revealed truths. On that treasury the Church has always freely drawn. An investigation of Catholic doctrine, as defined against Luther at Trent, will prove how steeped in Paulinism that doctrine is. Easy as it may be to detach texts from the Pauline Epistles which seem at first sight to tell against Catholic doctrine or practice, I believe it to be true that no man can have a sure and consistent hold upon St. Paul's entire teaching unless he profess the Catholic Faith in its fullness. Moreover, compensation will arrive even for our poor untrustworthy imaginations; for we shall find that here, too, a balance has to be struck. If it is hard for some men, brought up in the Protestant Tradition, to imagine St. Paul as Catholics think of him, it is simply incongruous to imagine an Anglican clergyman making a vow to shave his head at Cenchrea, or allowing handkerchiefs to be taken from his person to cure the sick; or can we picture him writing that he had inflicted severe penances upon his body lest, after he had preached to others, he should himself become a castaway, and that he thus hoped to add in his own body the sufferings of Christ for the sake of His Body, which is the Church? But such words sound quite simply in the ears of those who hold that good works done in and by the grace of Christ avail through His merits to make satisfaction not only for their own sins but for those of their brethren; whose monks still wear the tonsure; whose Saints are still miraculous in their Relics. Catho-

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licism, Modern, Mediæval, Ancient, is one with its beginnings as we find them dimly set forth in the Scriptures. *The Glories of Mary* fall into their proper place as the legitimate development of the Gospel Mystery that the Son of God was "made of a woman," and that the woman's name was Mary.

Thus we arrive inevitably at the great principle of the evolution, or more accurately the explication, of revealed Truth. It sufficed in the beginning for Peter to declare to the Jews that they had crucified the Author of Life; heresies arose which made it necessary for the Church to teach in precise terms the doctrine of the Incarnation, for this purpose borrowing terms from Greek philosophy. And this law of growth operates not only in the sphere of Christian doctrine, but also in that of Christian ethics. It was enough for Our Lord to emphasize the great principles of the Moral Law such as the duty of the love of God and man, the unity and indissolubility of the marriage bond, the value of perfect chastity, and the like; questions, however, inevitably arose as to the particular application of those principles, hence of necessity came the casuistry which guides those who teach and explain the Law of Christ. So, with regard to worship. If the Bread which the first Christians broke was believed by them to be the Body of Christ and the Sacrifice of the New Law, and that such was their belief is made clear by the Epistles to the Corinthians, then that Breaking of Bread is identical with Mass as offered to-day. The growth of ceremonial was inevitable as the Liturgy was offered no longer in private houses or in the bowels of the earth. And not only is the "simplicity" of the Plymouth Brother found to be inadequate to the strain of a thoughtful appeal to the New Testament, but it is also contrary to the workings of God in the Natural Order. Thus, if the organs of man's body have their admirable simplicity in actual use, we are overwhelmed on a closer scrutiny by the complexity of their mechanism. Nothing seems easier or simpler in practice than for a human being to walk or to see. Yet physiologists know

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that the act of walking depends upon many varied muscles, and these in perfect condition, co-ordinated by the higher nerve-centres. For the act of seeing, not only is a perfect muscular mechanism necessary, with perfect co-ordination, but also the delicate structures which are the medium of the special sense of sight must be intact. This dependence of the body upon an elaborate physical system, closely inter-connected in all its component parts, leads us to expect something analogous, in the religion revealed by God, with regard to the functioning of the soul. We are led to look for extreme simplicity in operation, combined with great complexity and perfect co-ordination of its several parts in the organism itself—precisely what is found in Catholicism. And this is the key to the secret of its mysterious appeal to the simple of heart, to the poor to whom the Gospel of Christ was primarily to be preached, to the suffering and the weak, to the aged, to the little child. If any man doubts the simplicity of the Catholic religion in practice he should see soldiers hearing Mass before going into action. Those simple peasants, brave as simple—watch them, if you will, on their knees before God, and you will recognize that evidently they find it as facile to worship God with their souls as it will be facile for their bodies to walk back to their trenches, and to use their eyes as they walk. But, though they do not advert to the fact, the actual practice of their religion depends upon a complex dogmatic system, complex as are the functions of the body. Great would be our surprise should we find that God was dealing with our souls on different lines from those which He has laid down for the welfare of our bodies. If we lose sight of the analogy which is everywhere to be found between the Supernatural and the Natural Order, between Nature and Grace, both of which have been established by Him, we find ourselves to be drifting towards shifting ground, in danger of allowing emotionalism to supersede the reality of things as they are, not merely as they may seem. A scientific man, familiar with the wonders disclosed in all their minutiae by the microscope,

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will consistently look with suspicion upon a religion that is without mystery or system, and yet which claims to emanate from the Creator of the lovely world, to which He has bequeathed a religion whose often unsuspected harmonies delight the mind that learns day by day to search in its depths. It could not be otherwise. The Heavens declare the glory of God, not merely by what is plain to the plain man, but by their meticulous intricacy to the astronomer, by their "army of unalterable law" to the poet—the thus reprov'd rebel. And where there is beauty, whether in nature, in art, or in religion, we shall find true simplicity in complexity. We know beauty's definition, Unity with variety. *Filia Domini unica est, circumdata varietate.* And, as it is always possible for a man to live his life healthily and to the full, without any learned advertence to the laws that govern the operations of his body, so a Catholic may live the supernatural life of faith, exercising his soul in virtue, without any conscious advertence to the Athanasian Creed. Often, indeed, may it be otherwise; and just as a knowledge of physiology should make it easier for a man to lead a healthy normal life, so should a knowledge of scientific theology help a theologian to live according to the spirit of religion.

If, then, a superficial resemblance is found, as Bunyan found it, between Catholic theologians or canonists or liturgiologists and the Pharisees denounced by Christ, we can but suspect that Bunyan lacked the opportunity of learning the facts. The Pharisees were condemned by Our Lord because they tithed mint and anise and cummin, whilst neglecting the weightier matters of the law; because they laid upon the shoulders of other men burdens none of which they would touch with their little fingers; above all, because they were hypocrites, attaching undue observance to external observances, despising the religion of the heart—that due attitude of the will towards God, without which nothing that is outward can avail us in His sight. But you will look in vain for this attitude in any Catholic theologian. He knows that his

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books have their place and their part ; he knows also how subordinate is that place and how comparatively unimportant that part. He knows that it will avail him less than nothing to have discoursed learnedly and truly about the Trinity unless he has worshipped the Trinity in spirit and in truth. No theologian has ever imagined there was anything in mere external observances that would of itself avail him aught before the dread Judgment Seat of God. That theologians have sought to serve God in great simplicity, is true not merely of canonized Saints such as St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Bonaventure and St. Alphonsus de' Liguori ; but also of a multitude of the uncanonized, such as the great Suarez who declared that he valued all his theological knowledge less than the worth of one simple act of prayer. No theologian ever mistook, as did the Pharisees, the essential values of things that are on totally different planes. Every theologian has valued his theological science much as a scientist values his knowledge of biology. Both the study of theology and the study of biology of themselves stand out of the region of personal religion—the difference between them lies in their subject-matter. But it should be easier to apply the apostolic maxim that refers all we do to the glory of God, and thus to the sanctification of our own souls—to the study of theology than to the study of biology. Every theologian knows that it is the intention, that is, the interior disposition of the soul, which alone gives value, merit, or demerit, to any human act indifferent in itself ; demerit it may be to a look, merit to the cup of cold water given to the poor for the love of Christ, or to the mites cast by the widow into God's treasury. Of this evangelical truth the Pharisee was ignorant. No opposition can be more acute and fundamental than the opposition between the spirit of St. Alphonsus and the spirit of Mr. Legality. But St. Alphonsus is prominent among all Ecclesiastical Jurists.

It can be no indiscretion now, so many years after his lamented death, to record that the late Aubrey Moore*

* Select Preacher at Oxford, 1885, and one of the authors of *Lux Mundi*.

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told me, when I was a very young man, that he himself as a boy of nineteen had very nearly submitted to the Holy See. He added that in mature life he had come to believe that, whereas Protestantism had laid too much stress upon the subjective, internal, personal side of religion, Catholicism had, contrariwise, over-emphasized its objective, external, corporate aspect. It seemed to him that the balance was fairly struck in the Church of England. I have often thought of this in the long years that have passed since this conversation took place, and felt how completely this view was that of an outsider. We were both of us outsiders then ; and it was impossible for either of us to have the inside view. It is this fact of being outside which has made so many keen and critical observers (such, for example, as Lord Beaconsfield), while even marvelling at the fabric of the Church, quite miss its true inwardness. And this is the true simplicity of the Christian, not to dispense with the external framework. To attempt to do without order, government, worship, creeds, is as futile for the soul on the spiritual plane as in the physical order to court escape from the intricate functions of the body. It would be soul-suicide. And all Catholics know that, while they must maintain right relations with that external Body, of which they are members, nothing avails them but their own personal relations with God. St. Teresa, great mystic and great follower of the interior life, was careful to use Holy Water, and loved the punctilious observance by priests of the rubrics of the Liturgy. Yet let us admit that it is more alien from the complete synthesis of Catholicism to underestimate the importance of the subjective than to forget the necessity of the objective. There can be no doubt that many a Quaker, rapt in silent prayer within drab walls, is closer to the heart of Catholicism than is the man absorbed by externals of elaborate ritual in a stately church. William Penn was less fundamentally apart from the Catholic religion than was Dr. Sacheverell. Who could well be further removed from the inward vivifying spirit of supernatural Catholicism than the

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Archdeacon Grantleys, in many respects very excellent men, who flourished so conspicuously well pleased with themselves in the mid-days of Queen Victoria ?

A distinguished Professor of History at the University of Cambridge, whose knowledge of books was unrivalled, and who had had the advantage of knowing all his life Catholicism from the inside, was once asked what book expressed, more than any other, the quintessence of the Catholic Religion. He replied : " After the Gospels, the *Imitation of Christ*." For the quintessence of Catholicism concerns the intimate spiritual life of each individual. Mr. Chesterton, in his *Short History of England*, tells us that the Puritans were primarily enthusiastic for what they thought was pure religion. This may have been true of some of the Puritans ; it is certainly true of all Catholics who are rightly enthusiastic for their religion. Puritans, however, forget that religion, pure and undefiled, consists in charity and the doing of good works. Mr. Chesterton proceeds : " The honest Puritan, growing up in youth in a world swept bare by the great pillage [of the monasteries and other good things], possessed himself of a first principle which is one of three or four alternative first principles which are possible to the mind of man. It was the principle that the mind of man can alone directly deal with the Mind of God." But surely this is a first principle, not merely for Puritans, but for every Theist. The mind of man cannot conceivably have access to the Mind of God save directly. I cannot use any Priest, any Saint, nor Christ Himself, to do that for me which I can, in the very nature of things, only do for myself. If I am to go to God at all, I must necessarily go myself directly of my own volition, through the exercise of my own intelligence and will. But the Puritans asserted not only " that the mind of man can alone directly deal with the Mind of God "—which is undeniable—but that " the Mind of God can alone directly deal with the mind of man," a restriction of Divine Power as false in philosophy as untrue in fact. It is on the face of it unreasonable to argue on *a priori* grounds against the

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sacramental principle. God has many means of dealing with the souls of His creatures. There can be nothing *per se* to hinder Him from giving grace to men not only "directly," by His Spirit enlightening and strengthening the spirit of man, but also through the medium of appointed Sacraments, and generally by the ministrations of His Church. Puritanism opposed itself merely by bare and unverifiable assertions against the Tradition which was in possession from the date of the Acts of the Apostles. A soul does not go less "directly" to God, because God comes to it by Mysteries. And there may be as much ceremonialism in the studied and assertive absence of externals as in their presence, as much externalism in the self-conscious whitewashing of a Quaker's meeting-house as in an elaborate scheme of decoration on the walls of a Basilica.

In the recently published *Correspondence of John Henry Newman with John Keble and others*,* we find Newman saying, on the eve of his conversion: "I know absolutely nothing of Roman Catholics except *that external aspect which is so uninviting*. . . . My habits, tastes, feelings, are as different as can well be conceived from theirs, as they show outwardly." Yet Newman was far too wise to despise externals. He made them subserve the highest ends, even when they were offensive to his taste. He never forgot that the spiritual life, which alone finally counts, is in itself most simple. Moreover, we read in our approved books of mystical theology that the further the soul advances in the ways of prayer, the greater becomes the simplification of her methods. *O Sancta Simplicitas!* But never can it be forgotten that, as St. Teresa solemnly declares, any mystical system leading the Christian to depend consciously upon the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord must be the most dangerous of delusions. St. Alphonsus notes that, whilst other devotions dear to Catholics are but means to an end, devotion to Our Lord's Sacred Heart, to His Love, is "the one devotion"; for it is in itself the end of all other devotion. This, as soon

* Edited at the Birmingham Oratory (Longmans).

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as it is stated, is seen to be a profound truth. For Christ must always be the Way as well as the Truth and the Life. Still, it is a common experience that, as the soul becomes more closely united to God, the need for images is felt to diminish. Poetry offers the analogy which has been thus confessed: "The student passes delighted through the several courts of poetry, from the outer to the inner, from riches to more imaginative riches; but when he crosses the last threshold he finds this midmost sanctuary to be a hypæthral temple, and in its custody and care a *simple* earth and a space of sky." Another poet, conscious of his powers of expression in all else, refers to things "*too* simple and too sweet for words." They are of the silence which is "music mute"; of the quietness in which is our strength; of the mystery of godliness which a million dull commentaries only deepen. The simple thing remains the unsaid thing; the joy that is speechless, the groaning that cannot be uttered; and the religion that is coldly judged by only its formularies, as the outsider must judge it, may easily fail to yield up the secrets that lie closest to its heart.

"To symbolize is always to simplify, and to simplify too much"—so writes Mr. Chesterton. If by "to symbolize" means "to express the abstract in terms of the concrete," and if for "to simplify" he is willing to substitute "to clarify," I agree. But with the second clause of his sentence, in which he says that it is possible to simplify too much, I disagree; and I do not think that I am here merely tilting at a paradox. For, as God is Charity, so also is He Simplicity. That the Supreme Being is *Ens Simplicissimum* is a basic truth of religion. Symbols, like images, will pass in time, even as they pass in supreme poetry. But simplicity will endure for ever. As long as we still see as in a glass darkly, and not yet face to face, the need of images (as of symbols) will remain, if we are to be in real mental relation with the Unseen. Images of some sort, whether external, such as statues and eicons, or within us, such as we form in our minds when, for example, we read the Gospels, of Bethlehem,

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or of Calvary, are inevitable. But as intimacy with beloved Beings, invisible to the eyes of the body, increases—above all, as the soul is drawn to a closer union with God, the use of imagery will be restricted. Now, the gradual disuse of imagery, provided that it comes not from despising imagery but from no longer needing it, means the simplification of religion. And this simplification is often to be found amongst those who most value external aids. Some of these we shall all need to the end ; others are needed not by all but by many ; others, again, are found useful only for a period in the harmonious growth of the life that is within us. The Spirit of God bloweth where and as it listeth.

As we examine we shall find that Protestantism in one sphere after another separates that which God has joined together, whereas Catholicism draws into unity and thus simplifies, the Human and the Divine, the Mother and the Child, the external and the internal, the Law of God and the freedom of man, the body and the spirit, the Pope and the Episcopate, the natural and the supernatural, poetry and prose, art and religion. Nothing that is untainted by sin dare we call common. All things that men may lawfully use have their appropriate place in the divine scheme for the blessing and redemption of mankind. All should be revered and regarded in due proportion and perspective. All come from God. That which the Hand of God has joined in one, let no man tear asunder.

O. R. VASSALL-PHILLIPS.

CANON SHEEHAN OF DONERAILE*

FROM Doneraile, Thackeray took to himself a wife ; and a local Protestant Church, used as the goal in a forgotten race, gave the word "steeplechase" to the English language. But it was the writing of *My New Curate* that placed Doneraile on the literary map.

Irish ecclesiastical biography is so scanty that the life of a modern Irish cleric is almost a literary sensation. During the last half-century the number of Irish priests and prelates who have merited biography have been considerable ; yet the only volumes we can recall are the unworthy records of the lives of Father Tom Burke and Father Healy of Bray, inclining chiefly to the comical or the convivial side, until a spiritual corrective of Father Burke's *Life* was later supplied by the Dominicans. The race of ecclesiastical biographer does not apparently thrive in Ireland, where Bishops, being outside criticism during their lives, become even more so after death. In fact any candid record would be resented as an unwarrantable intrusion on the office of the *Advocatus Diaboli*. How often the reader must regret that a great and absorbing life like that of Cardinal Cullen has no literary record. Bishop Moriarty, of Kerry, and Archbishops Leahy and Croke, of Cashel, should have made the subjects of fascinating biographies. Croke was to the Irish what Strossmayer was at the same time to the Croatsians. We understand that on the publication of Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*, Archbishop Croke destroyed a number of his correspondences, including one with Gladstone, and that Archbishop Williams, of Boston, performed a similar act of private incendiarism. There were probably few prelates then who did not receive that unfortunate publication as a warning to put their papers in order.

* Canon Sheehan, *Opera omnia*.

Canon Sheehan of Doneraile. By Dr. Heuser, D.D., Professor at Overbrook Seminary, Philadelphia (Longmans).

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Nevertheless, there has since been considerable ecclesiastical biography in England, reaching its climax in Father Martindale's recent apotheosis of Mgr. Benson. It is with Benson's novels and biography that those of Canon Sheehan inevitably invite comparison.

Sheehan did for the Catholic novel in Ireland what Benson did for it in England. Each discovered such a thing was possible, not in the old-fashioned historical vein in which Newman and Wiseman wrote their novels, but in a vivid and modernized form. Their Eminences' contributions to fiction were for the Sunday School. Canon Sheehan's were a challenge, and Benson's were little less than a missile, thrown in the direction of a scoffing world. Though they were contemporaneous and shared a large public, they never clashed. Each wrote within the circle of a totally different experience. "Father Dick Yolland" and "Father Luke Delmege" could only have met on the English mission, and then to love and disagree profoundly. Benson's chief power was as a psychologist of the individual; Sheehan's as a racial philosopher. The Monsignor was always sketching the individual types of Englishmen he wished to convert to the Church. The Canon had amongst many themes but one abiding object, which was to save Ireland "intellectually." For of religious or even economic salvation he realized she had, for different reasons, no need. Benson was by far the better artist; Sheehan was the deeper thinker. Any one of the former's novels make the pleasantest of reading for a single sitting. The latter's were solid and, with one exception, laborious to read. That exception was also a masterpiece; and Benson, though he mastered his art, never produced a masterpiece. Benson died soon after the outbreak of the Great War, while Sheehan died a twelvemonth previously. Truly it may be said that those whom God loved died in the year 1913.

Dr. Heuser's work is drawn, like Father Martindale's, largely from autobiographical data in the books of the dead writer; for the stuff of all fiction is truth, and

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neither can be stranger than the other. The best fiction mirrors best the truth ; and, if a writer cannot disclose himself, how shall he disclose others ? Dr. Heuser, on the whole, has the best right to record Canon Sheehan after death, for he discovered him in life. While journeying from America in Europe, in 1897, he fell in with a stray copy of *Geoffrey Austin*, Canon Sheehan's rather melancholy critique on the typical Irish College, and was thereby induced to order a clerical novel from the anonymous author for an American Review. *Geoffrey Austin* fell still-born from the press ; for, though it broke new ground, there was an uneasy feeling that in the name Mayfield the *alma mater* of Irish priests had been taken in vain. The original of Mayfield, we learn from Dr. Heuser, was Gayfield House, Donnybrook, which does not quite suggest ecclesiastical studies ! The sequel, *The Triumph of Failure*, which describes the wanderings of a kind of mute Dublin Francis Thompson, was refused by an American publisher, but found favour in London with Burns & Oates. Meantime came the transatlantic success of *My New Curate*—the turning post in Sheehan's life.

The author sacrificed a good deal of his peace of mind in veiling his scenes and models, so intense was the resentment sometimes caused by his realism. In Ireland, where Divine Truth is supremely and sublimely worshipped, nothing is more disliked than the common or ordinary truths of the garden. It is doubtful if any Irish publisher would have encouraged those marvellous thrusts between the joints of the Gaelic armour. The criticisms and hissings, which made their inevitable appearance, as the sequence of novels proceeded, were wafted aside in the *furor* of a world-wide success. Sheehan had the power of twisting the charm of the Irish character out of his paragraphs like the odour of thyme when it is rolled between the fingers. Amid much that is heavy and didactic his delicate thrusts and fragrant shafts catch in the innumerable interstices of the Gaelic heart.

There is no country where it needs greater courage to

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write than in Ireland; and Canon Sheehan wrote steadily from his dual point of view, seeing Ireland as he had seen her from afar off on the English Mission and yet being himself intensely of her being. It takes two poles to cause electricity and two points of view to make an Irish novel. Canon Sheehan felt criticism, and rejoined that Our Lord did not always use the language of compromise. "I can imagine what a shout of execration would be delivered, if such were used about certain public events to-day, and how good people would shake their heads and deplore its imprudence."

Dr. Heuser brings out, without unduly emphasizing, Sheehan's independence of thought. He was a patriot with Fenian memory of the past, but an inclination towards the policy of his school-friend, William O'Brien—"Conciliation and Conference." If he was a Nationalist he was also a European, and was as proud of having sipped English intellectualism as of appreciating German literature. On Père Didon's courageous work, *Les Allemands*, he based his early essays on the German University. His literary preference for the German over the Gallic Muse was a perfectly fair criticism derived from his early reading of Carlyle, whom, with the kindred Coleridge, he was fond of comparing in their massive Teuton mysticism with the Frenchified lyrics of Austin Dobson. He was conscious that the close affinities of Ireland with France had been gradually exchanged during the anti-clerical trouble for a gradual and unconscious idealization of Germany. Maynooth had been originally French even unto Gallicanism. French books, French manners, and even the French language, had prevailed in Maynooth. Ireland never sought Germany, and the theology and textbooks of the latter only found entry on their own merits. It was as fortuitous as regrettable that at the very time that German scholars were making Celtic studies seem European in their importance and appeal, France let slip her traditional ties with Ireland as if in compliment to the intoxicating paradox of an Anglo-French entente. But Ireland did not slip from France—

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she hailed with almost despairing sorrow Dubois' *Contemporary Ireland*, with Tom Kettle's Preface, as a sign that she still remained in the thought of *la grande nation*.

On the other hand, as Herr Messing says in *Geoffrey Austin*, "It takes us Germans to discover you Irish. Our scholars know your language and discover your literature. Our exiles discover your geniuses." If the last few words inspired Dr. Heuser to discover the author of *My New Curate*, we can only be continually grateful. It remains to be said that Canon Sheehan's views of modern Germany were those of a simple priest, who had passed a holiday in a more devout nook of that country, whence he adopted in his own parish the custom of ringing the church bell at the Elevation. Of the German schools he made the unexpected comment, "A government official comes round every three years ; but he is of no account!" It is only fair to say that the old priest in *My New Curate* had no illusions on another side of German life : "Why is Bismarck called great, though he crushed the French into a compost of blood and rags, ground them by taxation into paupers, jested at dying children and lied most foully, and his minor imitators are dubbed criminals and thieves ?" *Also sprach* Daddy Dan ! But let us say that this is an impartial and reasonable biography, and yet does not offend that superstitious regard which insists in Ireland on the dead being given treatment they seldom deserved and never received living. It is all the better for being written from a different continent, though specks of unfamiliarity show themselves. For instance, "Emancipation" is curiously used for Home Rule. To write of Emancipation as a live issue in Ireland to-day is like talking of Abolition in America to-day. There is as much needing to be emancipated in modern Ireland as there is deserving to be abolished in America ; but those grand old watchwords have seen their service and are laid by for ever in the dust of History.

Canon Sheehan was an intellectual, and his life was correspondingly lonely. Failing to find that environment

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in Ireland which had reconciled him to the English mission he served in Plymouth and in Exeter, and which he tried later to transfer into Irish shape in his *Sunetoi*, he fell back on pure literature. His writings did not lessen his local isolations. By weaving clerical conditions, as he saw them, into his novels he caused the same kind of trouble that Arthur Benson caused when he subjected the Eton master to a gentle criticism in *The Upton Letters*. Both the Irish priest and the Eton usher were conscious of forming part of a system which was held to be the best of its kind, and therefore in no need of criticism from the point of view of the intellectual, and least of all from a member of those anointed circles! Again, in politics, though of his patriotism there could be no doubt, Canon Sheehan took his own line. It was based on the memory of sentiments and events which recur with grim regularity in Irish history. He had seen the Fenians drilling in the 'sixties: "For the sublime and sacred feeling that took these tradesmen away from work and pleasure was also the passion of our youth. The shadow of '48 and the wild music that came out of that shadow were upon us . . ." In his posthumously published novel, *The Graves of Kilmorna*, he pays a pathetic tribute to the terrible Fenian men, while inclining to disparage Davitt under the pseudonym of Mac Dermot, and Parnell who appears as Mr. Fottrell, because they offered a less lofty and more commercial ideal to the Irish people. He pointed out that the Fenians were preachers even more than they were soldiers. He might have added prophets. A sliver of conversation is worth quoting: "'But the Republic, the Irish Republic?' queried the officer. 'That's a dream, a phantasm!'" 'Then what are you fighting for?' 'To save Ireland!' said Myles. 'From what?' 'The men believe from England; we believe from putrefaction!'" The graves of Kilmorna are the graves of two Fenians, one of whom is killed in fair fight by the English, while the other serves ten years of penal servitude only to be killed in an election riot by his own countrymen. It is the quintessence of Celtic tragedy. All is depicted as

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though Irish history in modern times were always the story of unled idealists, fantastic risings and, when all is over, the inevitable and nation-followed funerals.

From his haunting insight into political Ireland, Canon Sheehan took refuge in intellectualism; and the most delightful parts of his biography are selections from his literary correspondences. We cannot help wishing a volume of his letters may yet follow. To William O'Brien, on receipt of his novel, *The Wreckers*, he wrote: "It is a grand Irish novel, and will be taken to the hearts of the people. But it is all so pitiful and sad, the eternal story of Irish trustfulness and English perfidy. You have done justice to Sir John Perrot, a figure almost too much neglected in Irish history. I hope you will deal yet with my deceased parishioners, Edmund Spenser and Raleigh." On his own novel, *The Queen's Fillet*: "I have not spared the noblesse nor the Jacobin nor the Bourbon, trying to exemplify my two favourite theories—that injustice begets injustice; that fear has been the cause of the world's greatest crimes." Such was his stark Æschylean reading of history, and especially of Irish history.

Of his own work he writes to Dr. Heuser: "My great difficulty is to draw from life and yet avoid identifying any character with living persons. And we are so narrow and insular here in Ireland that it is almost impossible to prevent priests saying, That is So-and-So." And again: "You and my dear friend Father Russell are the only priests that have ever said a kindly word of my work hitherto. Venturing into the field of Catholic literature is a greater risk than many are aware of, and many a writer can say, as Dr. Barry says, *Aquæ inundaverunt animam meam*." And in a letter from Canon Barry the protest of Sheehan's life finds strong reflexion: "Your paper on Spinoza appears to have sounded at Maynooth as a voice from unknown worlds. Yet the Irish intellect cannot for ever be mewed up in such terrible common-places and conventionalities as it or its phantom submits to." And it was this reaction against the stale intellectuality of Irish life, lay as well as clerical, which provoked

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his criticism of School, Seminary, and Party. *Luke Delmege* was his strongest thrust in this direction. He complained that at Maynooth he could not get the literary food for which he craved, though "Our President was one of the greatest of European *littérateurs*. And what danger could deter us from the saws of logic into the garden of literature, from *Barbara, Celarent, Darii*, into the moonlight and melody of Tennyson?"

He came to feel that the modern Seminaries suffer owing to their appeal to fear rather than to enthusiasm. And, again, that they give "learning but not culture, that they send out learned men, but men devoid of the graces, the sweetness and light, of modern civilization," though he wondered "whether in view of their mission and calling this is not for the best." Anyway, it is obvious that a mighty mill like Maynooth cannot charge itself with training a stock of emergency *littérateurs* in order to keep up with the hectic readings in continental moderns indulged in by a few coteries of their flocks, or even as a possible meeting ground with the non-Catholic element in Ireland. Nevertheless, when reading of the delightful relations which existed between the parish priest of Doneraile and Lord Castletown, based on literary as well as economic interests, one cannot help feeling that the Irish priesthood have neglected a wonderful means of bringing themselves into touch with the landed gentry who are barred from sympathy with the Catholic Church as much by their mistaken idea of the clergy as by the unenterprising view which the clergy hold of them. Between them there exist already the religious, the social, and the political gulfs. The intellectual and literary approach is the only one left; and by all precedents should not give the advantage to the Protestant layman, who, in Ireland, is a far less educated person than the well-grounded parish priest he so unaffectedly despises, though he may often be wider and better read himself. Luke Delmege, we remember, was a First of First—but he believed Botticelli was a cook. Yet in logical ability or intellectual comprehension a Maynooth curate should

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hold his own with any holder of a pass-degree from Trinity or Cambridge. But learning and ability in Ireland are liable to be eclipsed by what is hoary, and to be swallowed by the traditional. The old families still owe their prestige to the "old." Old prejudices are more respected than new visions. The Irish Protestant gentry still believe the Catholic clergy around them are merely regulators of superstition, with a taste for malignant politics thrown in. The clergy look on the gentry as a necessary evil in the countryside, something like swine-fever, which may be abated by legislation, but with which any close contact is to be avoided. Against these prejudices none fought more consistently or with better weapons than Canon Sheehan. But he was cramped by the cast-iron mould in which all Irish life runs. A little humorously he cried out : " Everything is judged by age. You buy a bottle of wine, the first question is, How old is it ? You buy a horse, How old ? Everything is old and feeble and decrepit, and, no matter how distinguished a man you may be in England or America, you sink down to a cipher the moment you touch the Irish shore." The Protestant gentry and Catholic clergy still unite in maintaining the fantastic husk of their embittered relations during the Land War, though some from time to time are bold enough to pierce it. The one is as afraid of being seen currying favour at " the House " as the other is of being thought susceptible to the priestly power. Unique and fortunate were the relations in the Parish of Doneraile, where we find Lord Castletown writing : " At the time when I was, at Mr. Birrell's request, endeavouring to form a basis of consent between the various political parties, for the building up of the National University, I received immense assistance from my friend, Canon Sheehan. His knowledge of what was actually wanted reached to the very root of things. As I was then Chancellor of the Royal University, we were able to work out a fairly satisfactory scheme together."

A careful scrutiny of Canon Sheehan's writings shows that he was always struggling between alienated poles, in

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literature between a love of the literary Graces and his stark sense of intellectual asceticism, in racial politics between his heartfelt allegiance to the Gael and the admiration which the English Mission had imposed on him for certain aspects of Anglo-Saxondom. No one could have been more horrified at the materialism of English life, or yet have more enjoyed taking his literary ease in the gentle circles of provincial intellectualism. In *Geoffrey Austin* there is a terrible indictment of London at the very heart of Clubland, culminating in the curiously prescient sentence: "All proclaimed that we stood in a kingly city and that these young demigods, who, we knew, would walk to death as calmly as they walked to dinner, were the lords and masters of half the globe."

In spite of its clumsy build and plotless asymmetry, *Luke Delmege* is an arresting book. It is more than a novel written under ephemeral inspiration. It is a tragic-comedy, heavy enough, but drugged with that fascinating opiate with which we try to soothe all the jarring perplexities of Irish life, the antithesis of Celt and Saxon. Like Kipling's "East and West," we can only postulate that they can never really understand each other. Even the hybrid of the Anglo-Irish has produced more confusion than settlement. Luke Delmege is only interesting because he went to England and tried to become Anglicized. He tried to throw himself into English ruts and grooves; and, by narrowing himself to them, to lead thereby the English people back to their ancestral faith. No doubt it was the young and newly-ordained Sheehan himself who "told his wondering and admiring audience that the Thomist and the Scotist positions had been carried by assault, and that the Molinist flag was now waving above the conquered garrisons." It was a first sermon in the impetuous, philosophical, skull-beating style, which used to be so dear to Irish audiences, but which drew the Vicar-General's curt disapproval on Luke Delmege with advice we must be pardoned for quoting: "Take THE DUBLIN REVIEW to your room, volume by volume, and study it. You have got quite on the wrong tack."

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Father Sheehan had one memorable moment in the pulpit at Plymouth. He was preaching the first and only time that Hawker of Morwenstow attended a Catholic service. A few days later the famous old parson was received into the Church on his deathbed. As Luke Delmege reflected: "He never knew who might be listening to him in this strange land where everyone is so interested in religion because every man is his own Pope." Luke Delmege could not help being amazed at the calm independence and almost cynical toleration which pervades the educated class in England. And as the freedom and buoyancy of English letters broke about his receptive mind like a great tonic, after the stagnant little Press-drippings which do duty for literature in so many parts of Ireland, and are equally outside the Gaelic tradition and the sweep of the Victorian diapason, he was moved to build up an educated and not merely talented laity to break down the barriers: "Who will have the courage to come forward and pulverize for ever this stiff rigid formalism?" he asked. And again, as his ideal refused to coagulate in the swiftly running shallows, he cried aloud in real grief: "All the poetry of the world is in the Catholic Church, and all the literature of the world outside of it."

Luke Delmege's Anglicization—a reflection of Father Sheehan's own sojourn in Devonshire—is a very curious study. His Celtic nerves "were gradually toned down into the silky smoothness that reigned everywhere round him." He found the English "grave pleasant people," with a destiny "to evoke from Afghan and Ashantee the glory of the slumbering godhead." He himself is not disappointed with England though he has no doubt that God "must turn back with disappointment to the tumultuous worship of His Heaven." His return to Ireland placed him in a position of constant misunderstanding. He realized that on certain subjects the British mind has "the *idée fixe* of Charcot"; nevertheless, like so many before him, he must needs try to establish England's "mechanical monotony" for Ireland's

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"picturesque monotony," irregularity. His own epigram concedes that "the eel has a better chance than a salmon of making his way in the channels of Irish life"; but Luke Delmege leaps and splashes in parochial waters like a very salmon trying to snap the line of conventionalism. His demand for punctuality and decorum at funerals terminates in a famous scene which is misinterpreted by the Celtic community as deliberate disrespect to the dead. Betwixt the burying of the dead in Kensal Green and their treatment in the neighbourhood of Kinsale there lies a gulf fixed. The choice between the spruce undertaker and the dishevelled keener is really a choice between two civilizations.

One of the most exquisite touches followed Luke Delmege's dutiful recommendation of oatmeal instead of tea to the schoolchildren. "It was reported through the parish that a Protestant parson from England had visited the school and had recommended the children to go back to the diet of the famine years!" In truth, *Luke Delmege*, like *My New Curate*, was a true enough sketch of Irish life, not without a touch of the skit, to be resented. The note of uncritical, unreasoning patriotism, so dear to the reader of the national Press, was found wanting. He had described the landscape and realities of Irish life and forgotten to limn the rainbow, the political or economic rainbow, which every leader or prophet in Ireland keeps dangling at no short distance or date. Faith and Charity he described, but there was no especial Hope left at the close of his writing. He could only contrast the wisdom and resignation and philosophy of the Old Ireland with the impetuous enthusiasm and failure of the New, and leave them contrasted. His main lesson was not exhilarating; it was simply *quieta non movere*, and he pointed his lesson by describing the conflict of the ideals, the bitter school of experience and the unchangeability of Irish character. The Old Ireland desired only to lie within the ancient entrenchment of her dream; but Young Ireland demanded a disaster. Luke Delmege met his disaster socially at the hands of his parishioners, and

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My New Curate found his in the sinking of a fishing smack that was to retrieve the fortune of the district. Between Daddy Dan and his new curate lay the same ditch that lay between O'Connell and Mitchel, between Butt and Parnell, and in our own day between Redmond and Pearse. Fortunate, indeed, that the difference of methods between Daddy Dan and his curate led to nothing more than the sinking of a ship. In the great political estrangements, which have scarred the face of Irish history, it has more often been Ireland herself which has been submerged. The new curate stood by his experiment, but Luke Delmege came to meditate sadly over his attempt to force the dreams of political economy on a Gaelic folk ; or, as he summed it in an epigram, to "preach the thrift of money to the misers of grace." There could be no yoke or union between England in her materialistic aspect and Ireland in her idealism. It was as fatuous as endeavouring to raise a people whose feet already trod the clouds : "To his plea for prudence they answered Providence ; for human foresight they placed divine omniscience ; for thrift, charity ; for advancement, humility ; for selfishness, generosity ; until he began to feel he was clipping the wings of spirits."

In *Glenanaar* Canon Sheehan struck a note which went home to the patriotic side of Ireland. For the first time in literature the curse and taint of the informer was analysed in the manner it is supposed to cling in Ireland unto the third and fourth generation. In long after time, and even in America, the hereditary memory is revived to the despair of the descendants. Seldom was Gaelic intensity more terribly portrayed than when the hero discovers that his mother is the daughter of an informer : "If she had been a fallen woman morally, and had been raised by the consecration of marriage to a new and honourable life, I could easily have forgotten it. But here it was blood that was tainted, and I hated her as well as myself." It is the unforgivable sin in Irish history, from the time that the family of the friar who bore false witness against the Venerable Oliver Plunket changed their name

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en masse that there might never be a priest of the same name again, down to the day which accorded popular sympathy to the man who shot down the Phoenix Park informer. Down in the Irish heart, below the open and honest enmity for the Saxon, lies and festers the bitter suspicion that it will be by one of his own race that he will be always betrayed and undone. And in nine cases out of ten it has always been so. By the use of native informers England has always done injustice to herself no less than to Ireland. *Non tali auxilio*; for their pedigree is both terrible and iniquitous, and never was it more remorselessly or truly traced than by the author of *Glenanaar*: "Cromwell begat massacres and burning, and massacres and burning begat reprisals, and reprisals begat Penal Laws, and Penal Laws begat insurrection, and insurrection begat the Union, and the Union begat outlawry, and outlawry begat Whiteboyism, and Whiteboyism begat informers and judicial murders, and judicial murders begat revenge."

Lisheen was an attempt to throw a wrench into this melancholy clockwork of cause and effect, and to picture the result of a landlord, taking an antithetically opposite course from that associated with his tribe. The book describes an experiment in Irish Tolstoyism. An Irish landowner disguises himself as a tramp, and throws himself on the charity of a Kerry farmer who gives him work and shelter. By a fine exercise of Greek irony the landlord bespeaks himself as dependent on the farmer not to turn him out! The dramatic effect comes with a crisis in which the landlord and the tenant are evicted together. With true penetration, Canon Sheehan points out that the altruism of the peasants in this case is a little tempered by their mistaken supposition that the object of their otherwise pure Christianity was a fugitive from the police. The deep knowledge shown in the Irish character is thrown in *Lisheen*, as in other of Canon Sheehan's books, against a background verging on the impossible. In *Lisheen* is a *deus ex Machina* in the person of an English philanthropist who industrially vitalizes a derelict district

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from motives of godless benevolence. An incredible foil is provided in an Anglo-Indian official who is a secret leper and takes the "Hottentot" view of the Irish native. *Lisheen* reads like a rival to something of George Birmingham's rather than to its author's previous works.

Profounder than any of the others, *The Blindness of Doctor Gray* conveyed his message to the Irish clergy. It was that Law and Rubric, Ceremony and Puritanism, were insufficient to win and hold the Irish people. The stern old priest lived by Canon Law, holding the parish in a leash of iron, from which he did not spare his own flesh and blood. He has no patience with literary folk or anybody whose work is not up to the collar of some Law. The Gaelic League and the modern agitator he condemns, but not for reasons that would appeal to the Castle Government: "They are bringing back the letter of the language, but where is the spirit of patriotism?" he asks of the former. The old Fenian he preferred to the politician. Once he had seen a Bishop and his priests rise up to salute the cropped head of a Fenian convict—"it was his aureole of honour, his nimbus of sanctity!" He is scornful of all modernism in literature, in theology, or in patriotism. The reader sympathizes with him when he refuses to dismiss a schoolmaster because he is a grabber's "nephew by the mother's side," but not when he hurls his curate's Heine through a plate-glass window. And in the end he is wrong. Love is stronger than Law; and in Ireland, though the Higher Law, when appealed to, reigns supremely, all laws with more or less elements of human modelling are liable to be ignored or broken. It is said the Celt was always too intent upon God to keep the Rubrics. The closing chapters of the book mark the Canon's zenith. Dr. Gray's farewell to his flock is one of the moving passages in Irish literature, and his examination in the trial of his worst enemy is perhaps the most moving of all. He saves his enemy's life by supplying evidence which is both painful and humiliating to himself. Love has won! At a time when the clergy all over the world were beginning to be troubled as to what extent

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they were expected or bound to follow the traditional letter at the expense of the Time-spirit, Canon Sheehan's message came as one neither condemning nor inspiring revolt, but portraying and gently resolving the old into the new.

Canon Sheehan's style in writing, and his final place in Anglo-Irish literature, remain to be considered. His use of the dialect was moderate and convincing, with a clear idiom and the natural use of a casual word of Gaelic. He avoided equally the puerilities of what is called the Cockney school of stage-Irish and, on the other hand, the breath-snatching brilliancies of Synge's make-believe or fairy form of speech. Diffuse, and unnecessarily so at times, he could bring his thought down to the epigram, as when he described one type of the old Catholic gentry, "who would die for the faith whose dogmas they knew nothing of and whose commands they ignored." It was Thackeray's touch that inspired him to call Leo XIII "that electric spark in a vase of alabaster"; or to proclaim that "he who sups with the Olympians will find it hard to breakfast with the boulevardiers." But of his own genius he learnt that moving expression: "Every soul loves the place of its crucifixion!" The influence of Huysmans, which he shared with Benson, showed itself in curious passages of symbolism, as when he carries out a brilliant likening of Doctors to Inquisitors who "have their spies in every feature of face or form . . . whilst the arch-traitors, the ophthalmoscope and stethoscope probe into the deepest recesses and whisper to the Grand Inquisitor the terrible secrets of brain and lungs and heart." Huysmans too would have loved his description of the Confessional: "The drawing of the slides from time to time made a soft sibilance beneath which were woven tapestries of human souls that were fit to hang in the halls of Heaven." But no writer has better realized than he the devotee of the unseen, the unknown saints who exist among the modern peasantry of Ireland. His humble and sanctified souls are a real addition to Irish characters. The grotesque is lost in the sublime, when he describes a washer-girl saint singing, "wild ould Irish songs in which

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the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation and everything is mixed up together until I gets so happy and joyful that I do be jumping out of me skin." And no writer but Canon Sheehan could thus meditate before a ruined cabin with its derelict and haunted thorn-tree: "Perhaps it is an etching on the memory of some great capitalist in Omaha or Chicago—perhaps for him that ragged hawthorn before the door is the life-tree Igdrasil waving its mighty branches, though its roots are deep down among the dead."

Among the Irish novelists he must be compared with Lever, Carleton, Kickham, and in modern times be catalogued with Emily Lawless, George Birmingham and Somerville and Ross. Amongst the writers of the twelve best Irish novels he is perhaps the only one of that number to have contributed two. His inner and sympathetic knowledge of the peasantry was as endearing as Kickham's. He combined a number of elements drawn from Lever and Carleton, without the torrential harlequinade of the former or the grotesque embitterment of the latter, qualities which to the undiscerning have proclaimed the Irish novelist *par excellence*. If he did not reach the heights of ridicule or gloom attained by the older school, Canon Sheehan showed a depth to which his contemporaries all seem shallow. He struck that note of grandeur which was entirely lacking to the merry but hardly satisfying company of the George Birmingham and the Somerville-Ross creations. Yet he never lost the *dilettante* touch which prevented him from sharing the epithet of Titanic, which is Carleton's, Balzac's and Scott's.

Irish novels, taken as a whole, seem to be written either for the English tourist to take with him into the railway-train or for the native to carry away with him into prison or exile. It is the former prepossession that has made Birmingham and the creators of the Irish R.M. fail as national writers. They wrote as the petty gentry would always write, in their rarer moments of culture and observation. They wrote for the laugh of the Saxon, and not for the tear of the Gael; and in the last and deepest analysis they are found wanting. As artists they are

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superior to Canon Sheehan, and they are generally more readable, for they deal with manners rather than moods. It is the writing of moods that makes Canon Sheehan cumbersome in English letters, but, at the same time, the great Irish national writer that he will always remain. It is for the same reason that with all his fury and unfairness and fantasy Carleton is a national writer as well of the first rank—in spite of the fact that he wrote for English scorners and even for the proselyter's penny! But his moods were mighty; and though, as Aubrey de Vere confessed, "moods have murdered men," it is out of such stuff that national literature is made. Again, Emily Lawless's contemporary contribution to the study of Ireland under the Land League is full of pathos, and it is dignified; but it is not Irish of the Irish. She makes the reader sad enough, but she never touches the sublime sorrows which effect the *katharsis* so dear to the Greek writers. The Parnell drama inspired two novels, which might for a time claim to be national novels: Lysaght's *Her Majesty's Rebels*, and George Birmingham's *Seething Pot*. In *The Northern Iron* the latter rose above himself, and made some approach to the work of an Irish Walter Scott. His skilfulness in plot was reinforced by an amount of real historical tradition that unfortunately remains unique in his writings. Except for a pitying patronage of the Gaelic League, and a ferocious attack on certain Irish convents in the name not of theological but of economic science, his other work contained no noteworthy matter. Closely allied to his humorous effects was the farcical work of Somerville and Ross. To them Irish life was sheer pantomime, in which every scene only needed to be worked out, not so much for the Abbey Theatre as for Drury Lane.

These writers are worth mentioning as the contemporaries of Canon Patrick Sheehan, if only for the purpose of saying that, with all their popularity, their books are like candles and rushlights compared to the authentic but stormy sunshine of Ireland which here and there broke across the horizon of these novels of his.

SHANE LESLIE.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

A WRITER whose name must ever be mentioned with respect in the pages of THE DUBLIN REVIEW, the late Dr. W. G. Ward, once remarked with characteristic vigour of expression, that the whole philosophical fabric in our colleges was "rotten from the roof to the floor (or rather from the floor to the roof). No one," he added, "who has not been practically mixed up with a seminary would imagine to how great an extent it *intellectually debauches* the students' minds." These may seem strange words to come from the stalwart champion of orthodoxy and authority; and it might be supposed that they would only be justified by something very exceptional in the state of philosophical studies at Old Hall some sixty years ago. But that Dr. Ward's attitude in these matters was consistent throughout, and that his words had wide application, may be seen from Mr. Wilfrid Ward's account of his father's solicitude in regard to the system pursued at the Roman College of which he, the son, was a student at a later date. "Absolute deference to authority," we read, "in matters of doctrine, absolute reliance on scholastic tradition in matters of theology, are vindicated. This, of course, my father trusts I find in Rome. But is there any tendency to *substitute* current formulæ for real thought? Is an argument of philosophy, pure and simple, tested by the weighty names of its advocates, or forced upon the students in the name of orthodoxy? If so, all this is 'intellectually deplorable.' 'More intolerable than any eastern slavery' was a phrase used of the attempt to invest purely philosophical opinions with the semblance of authority; and to allow formulæ learnt by rote to supersede genuine thought was to make the mental attitude thoroughly unreal."

We quote this passage at length because it will help the reader to appreciate the full significance of Dr. Vance's book, *Reality and Truth* (Longmans). And, what is more, it may haply serve to disarm some of the criticisms urged

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against it in certain quarters. We might be rash to affirm that Dr. Ward would have agreed with all these conclusions; or have approved the particular method of inquiry pursued by the latest Professor of Philosophy at Old Hall. For his own writings are there to show that he adopted other methods himself and answered some of the questions mooted here in a different way. But the words just quoted are a good warrant for saying that Dr. Ward would have given this work a warm welcome. For, whatever else may be held of Dr. Vance's method of treating the problems of philosophy, he most certainly avoids all those errors deprecated in Ward's strictures on the ways of some earlier scholastic professors. Here, at any rate, "no argument of philosophy pure and simple" is "tested by the weighty names of its advocates," or forced upon the reader "in the name of orthodoxy." As the author himself says emphatically: "This vision of the problems and their solution depends upon no name, no tradition, no authority, no assumption, no postulate. It stands or falls by its own intrinsic arguments, and by the plain facts which tell their own tale." These words, quoted by a hostile critic, have possibly shocked readers who mistook them for a rejection of legitimate authority and tradition, and who read into them a sign of philosophical unsoundness. But they are in complete accord with the very reasonable requirements set forth in a passage marked by Ward's characteristic loyalty and deference to authority. And, to complete the tale, the writer of this highly original and stimulating treatise does illustrate profound philosophical problems by arguments left to stand or fall on their own intrinsic merits; and it is clear that the students under his care will not be encouraged to "substitute current formulæ for real thought," or have their minds "intellectually debauched" in the process.

For our own part, in welcoming Dr. Vance's work, and for Ward's very reasons, we neither adopt all his conclusions nor follow him in all his incidental criticisms on other authors or their systems. Indeed, our estimate of the merits of his special method of inquiry is different

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both from his own and from that of his hostile critics. In his own view, to judge by his criticism of naïf realists and dogmatists, and of those who start with self-evident principles, his adoption or adaptation of the Cartesian methodical doubt would seem to be the only way. If to some, on the contrary, it appears to be unsatisfactory and unconvincing, or even dangerous, to others it may well seem that while, on the one hand, it offers a valid argument which is possibly the best for certain minds, on the other hand it is, after all, only one of various ways of gaining a certain knowledge of reality and truth, and providing a sound basis for science and philosophy. To borrow an obvious analogy from mathematical science, Euclid establishes important truths, such as the Pythagorean proposition, by patient and laborious reasoning in which the *reductio ad absurdum* plays a part. Modern mathematicians, on the other hand, prefer the analytic method, and show us how, for example, the aforesaid proposition, viewed in a certain aspect, is self-evident, or in other words, that its truth can be seen at a glance. By different routes both arrive at the same goal; and, like the concordant testimony of independent witnesses, each method serves to confirm the validity of the other. Much the same may be said in the case of Dr. Vance's "Critical Realism" when we compare it with the "Realism of the Plain Man"; or with the philosophy which starts from self-evident principles. For the new critical method shows that the Plain Man is right after all when he holds, in spite of the idealists, the existence of an external world, and it also establishes, by the test of attempted doubt and denial, the truth of our self-evident propositions.

A new interest may well be awakened by this volume in the problem which it treats, even in the minds of many hitherto unversed in these matters. For it is written in an easy agreeable style unencumbered with technical terminology. And the author's enthusiasm for his subject—an enthusiasm which takes us back to an earlier age when the world was stirred by the question of "universals"—may well infect some of his readers. If only for this

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reason, it may not be amiss to recall another English work dealing with the very same questions. For many readers may be glad to see what can be said on such points as our knowledge of the external world, and our means of attaining to certitude, by one who was by no means a dogmatist, or a sceptic, or a crude realistic man in the street, or a too rigid scholastic professor, but an eminent man of science. Need we say that we are alluding to the valuable work *On Truth* by the late Dr. St. George Mivart?

Dr. Vance's own criticism of other philosophers constrains us to wish that he had found it possible to confine his book to the direct elaboration and illustration of its main argument, leaving these others to shift for themselves. True, Dr. Vance has gone a good way in this direction, and his book compares very favourably with those elementary textbooks in which the unfortunate beginner is compelled to learn so much about erroneous systems. But from Dr. Vance we could wish for more, or for less. On the other hand, we can hardly agree with one critic who seems to suppose that the author's treatment of some orthodox philosophers, to whom he is opposed, involves an undesirable innovation in the amenities of domestic controversy. For here, again, he need fear no comparison with our received authorities in scholastic philosophy, in their criticism of opponents, whether Catholics or not. It is said of musicians that they commonly strike discords in their personal relations with each other. But philosophers, too, are difficult; and we recall only one who, in writing of his opponents, observed the rule of perfect charity—Rosmini.

W. H. K.

IN a large and handsome octavo volume, *The Conversion of Europe* (Longmans), Canon Charles Henry Robinson, D.D., gives us the first English modern general history of the spread of Christianity throughout Europe. His object is not purely historical science. Himself editorial secretary of the S.P.G., he tells the story always with a view to its practical application for modern missions. In

Conversion of Europe

an introductory chapter of forty-five pages he points the moral of his book and makes many excellent remarks about methods and results. In some ways this first chapter is the most valuable of all.

The history of the evangelization of Europe he divides according to the countries. The arrangement might, perhaps, be criticized. First he arranges his matter according to the modern states, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and so on. But these modern political divisions have very little to do with the missions of the first four centuries. If a geographical classification were desired (perhaps on the whole the most satisfactory way), it would have been better to distinguish according to the map of the time when the missions in question were made. The order in which he places the countries is odd: Ireland comes first, then follow Scotland, England, Wales, France, Italy, the Balkan Peninsula—almost exactly the inverse of the order of time. Except for this, the book deserves nothing but praise. Obviously, in so great a mass of matter there are points as to which some readers will disagree. Yet, allowing for these, it is easy to see that the author is well equipped for his work (he has already written an excellent history of Christian Missions), and that he has taken great pains to consult the sources of his history. In each case we have a well written account of what is known about the first introduction of Christianity into the country, always with a conscientious effort to distinguish real history from legends. The many references to sound authorities, and especially to the original sources, are a guarantee of serious work. And the book is not only serious, it is also exceedingly attractively written.

Besides disputed points, there are, perhaps inevitably, occasional mistakes. It is not correct, for example, to say that the first editor of the Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum* was "the Jesuit, John Bollandus." It was Heribert Rosweyd who began the work. But such slips are of little importance; and Canon Robinson shows no trace of anti-Catholic feeling; indeed he is always scrupulously anxious

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to give full credit to the Catholic Church. He recognizes, too, the advantage, indeed the necessity, of celibate monks as missionaries in the first conversion of Europe. And when, at last, he comes to Rome, we are gratified to find him stating "That Peter visited and taught in Rome cannot reasonably be doubted." It cannot indeed. It is time that the controversialist gave up his impossible denial of that fact. Canon Robinson describes accurately the Greek character of early Roman Christianity, and points out that Latin as a liturgical language began in Africa. "The only places in Italy in which we know that Christians existed before the end of the first century are Rome and Puteoli. To these we may perhaps add Pompeii."

He follows Harnack in his opinion that St. Soter is the author of *II Clem.* His account of the disappearance of Paganism at Rome and throughout Europe is very well done. He has no sympathy with excuses for propagating religion by force, and he shows how many of the Saints and Popes denounced any such practice. The stories and legends about the introduction of Christianity in the various countries are excellently told, and always carefully criticized and compared with authentic records. He thinks Malta is "almost certainly" to be identified with St. Paul's Melita. The mission of St. Boniface is a good test of the spirit of an historian. Canon Robinson, while doing justice to the earlier Irish missionaries in Germany, recognizes Boniface as having consolidated and established their work firmly, so that, but for him, the organization of German Christianity might have been long deferred. We could have wished for more about Cyril and Methodius, than whom there have been no greater Christian missionaries. Also the statement that in Russia the Church is a part of national life more than in any other country, has been falsified by recent events. The Russian Revolution is an astonishing revelation of the error everyone made as to the attachment of the people to the Orthodox Church.

A. F.

Primitive Ritual and Belief

IT was time that someone attacked the problems of comparative early religion from the Christian standpoint, someone besides the Naturalists and the Agnostics. In *Primitive Ritual and Belief, an Anthropological Essay* (Methuen), Mr. E. O. James, a pupil of Dr. Marett (who supplies an Introduction), discusses ceremonies at birth, initiation, marriage, death ; then rites for rain-making, in war, those which correspond with ordination ; sacrifice and communion. Finally he writes two chapters, one a general survey of mythology, one about the beginning of Theism and primitive revelation. His standpoint is that of a High Church Anglican.

There is much in the book of great value and interest. Yet he might with advantage have extended the field of his inquiry, giving less detail. Almost the only primitive religion he considers is that of the Australian savages. No doubt this is of first importance, as being the crudest form of religion, and so possibly the most primitive, known. From this, at the end of each chapter, he goes straight to Christianity. There is a little, but very little, about other religions, those of African tribes, of Egypt, Greece, and so on. By taking the two extremes and comparing them, he misses much that would be relevant in the intermediate stages. In many ways Egypt still supplies the most fertile field for discussions of this kind. The Egyptian religion, much nearer to that of Greece, Rome, and the rest of Europe, supplies more material for considering the background of Christianity and the field in which the religion of Christ was first preached ; and it has quite enough remains of most primitive superstition to serve examination of first origins. From the exact accounts of crude and, in most cases, silly and disgusting religious practices of Australian aborigines, we pass suddenly to a few general observations about the way in which Christianity satisfies the same instinct as caused them. In these observations there is too much the appearance of apologetic ; and there are too many unsupported statements that many anthropologists would dispute.

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The author generally defends the sane and right point of view; for instance, that ritual precedes myth (as is now universally acknowledged); and that myth is mostly explanation of a ritual of which the real origin has been forgotten. With regard to the question of primitive Theism, he defends the belief in "High Gods" by low races. He makes a good case, by the dates, for denying that such gods as, for instance, the Australian *Baiame* (corresponding very closely to a really Supreme Being) are not the result of missionary teaching. His view of supposed primitive revelation is that there was such a thing, in the sense that God gave men natural instincts which produced belief in Him. In spite of its concentration on only one form of primitive religion, the book may yet justify Dr. Marett's recommendation that people "will come away from the reading of it with a fuller appreciation of those higher possibilities which our common human nature enshrines."

A. F.

FOR a long time the written record of English history has been stale. For a century its writing has resembled the ploughing and reploughing of the same ruts to produce the same results. It is a field which has never been allowed to lie fallow or to yield a rotation of crops. English history has thus grown stunted and dull, and, owing to the cosmopolitan imagination of our schoolmasters, has been largely abandoned in English schools for the wonderful lessons of patriotism inspired by the Peloponnesian War, and the thrilling tabulations of the Kings of Judah and Israel. As Mr. Chesterton may have said, Jewish history was naturalized in England before the Jews.

Macaulay, the one brilliant writer of English history, dulled it by putting it into the form of a Whig pamphlet. Froude and the patriotic school turned it into Protestant apologetic and diatribe. But, Whig or Tory, they were only the two sides to the same old plough; and the moral of English history was always that Protestants, who attend

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Sunday School in youth and later play bowls or cricket, invariably win all their battles by land and sea. Another indisputable theme—that England's real kinship was with Germany as opposed to Rome—Mr. Chesterton smashes in his *Short History of England* (John Lane) at an appropriate time. For English history had gone badly to seed. Jingoism found its way into Wingfield Stratford's far from ignoble volumes on English Patriotism, and had passed in a history by Kipling and Fletcher into actual jingle. If Mr. Chesterton has not written the last word on English history, it is possible to say that he has written the first—chiefly because of his ability and insistence on reading backwards. He has also seen that an accurate description of the Royal Arms would be incomplete without mention of the unicorn; and he gives the Catholic as well as the Protestant legend. That "Merry England" became as extinct as the unicorn, while Protestant England is still as extant and homely as a lion at the Zoo, is no reason for not interpreting the wonderful fact that if England had not been Roman she would never have been England.

English history can never be quite the same again since Mr. Chesterton handled it. He has not only tried a new crop, but he has dragged his plough across, not down, the ruts. Since he discourses of bulls, we may say that he takes the white horse of Hanover out of the shafts, and attaches what looks perilously like a staid Papal Bull. A number of criticisms and contradictions might be suggested; but here we have only the space to point out the main distinction of the work. The admirable Introduction mentions no more than is strictly necessary for such a history, four kings and two queens (both Maries, neither of whom reigned as long as the only Mary who truly and successfully ruled England), Henry of Navarre, Green, and Mrs. Pankhurst. The only documents alluded to are the *Daily Sketch* and the Great Charter; and in the text are like whims of omission and commission—Mr. Stephen has the mention which a mere King Stephen lacks.

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The note of the book is struck early: "England was never Puritan." The moral is that, since the Reformation, England has been in a state not so much of evolution as of disinheritance. England's endowment and treasury were what Rome gave her, originally as the "Province of Britain"; and, later, as a Parcel of Christendom. As for Gibbon, "the Empire did decline, but it did not fall. It remains to this day." By Rome was England fashioned: "For the Pope was what was left of the Empire and the Empire was what was left of the Republic." While Ireland was Romanist, England was Roman—a real flash of history. The arrival of persons of Germanic appearance from Schleswig Holstein was not the beginning, it was "nearly the end, of our island story." Celtic tradition Mr. Chesterton prefers to Protestant fashion. The great and epical figures of Joseph of Arimathea, St. Helena, and Old King Cole, loom on the horizon of a Britain that was neither Protestant nor German. Glastonbury came even before Canterbury, and they "clashed not in creed but in customs." But the sacred thorn of Glastonbury was of mightier and more lasting import than Queen Elizabeth's oak. Mr. Chesterton has here a vision which is not often vouchsafed to the English historian: "It is possible that some prestige went with the possession of Glastonbury, which was like a piece of the Holy Land; but behind Glastonbury there was an even grander and more impressive power. There irradiated to all Europe at that time the glory of the golden age of Ireland. . . ." The legend of England, he hints, is something far removed from Green and Freeman, with all their mediæval understanding. It is a fairy woof pervaded with strange monsters, like Richard III or Henry VIII, with uncanny sanctities and curious curses entering into its texture. The martyrdom of that "great visionary and great revolutionary," Thomas of Canterbury, is far more important than an accidental outrage by a King. Henceforth "rested on the Crown a mysterious seal of insecurity like that of Cain and of exile on the English Kings."

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Thus does Mr. Chesterton make the old waxworks of history live again, either by new labels or fresh comparisons. Edward the Confessor recalls "the Christian fools in the great anarchic novels of Russia." William the Conqueror was, of course, "William the Conquered." Simon de Montfort "founded a Parliament in a considerable absence of mind." Henry II's penance at Becket's tomb he compares to "Cecil Rhodes submitting to be horsewhipped by a Boer in St. Paul's Cathedral." Richard Cœur de Lion, so far from being a schoolboy on escapade, was in taking the Crusader's cross "more like a responsible Englishman now going to the front." Followeth therefrom another illuminating flash, "Christendom was nearly one nation, and the Front was the Holy Land." The Church co-extended with that nation. In one sense the Universal Church was the National Church because there was this one nation. "For a Church was to these men rather a world they lived in than a building to which they went." From the wonderful mediæval structure Mr. Chesterton only finds two survivals, the Trade-Unions, "like a ghost of the Middle Ages," and Parliament, "which ultimately consented to betray and destroy the rest." The Trade-Unions are, of course, the winnowed and secularized wraiths of the Guilds, which, had they survived, would be making "religious vestments woven out of a navvy's corduroys or a coster's pearl buttons."

And the merry touches run on. Richard II's behaviour at the stabbing of Wat Tyler was the "one wild moment when divine right was divine." Richard III "anticipated the Renaissance in an abnormal enthusiasm of religion and charity." Mr. Chesterton's study of him is curiously like Huysmans' study of Gilles de Retz, the exquisite original of Bluebeard. Sir Thomas More, "like an Epicurean under Augustus, died the death of a saint under Diocletian." Henry VIII's epitaph is overwhelming: "He cut off England from England!" As for Thomas Cromwell's part, "It was as if the Dane had returned in the character of a Detective." Then came

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Puritanism, "a veneer on Paganism," ending in the Hell-fire Club, which sounds like a subtle sneer at Pre-destination. Spain and Queen Mary had created the new national tradition. Mary was weak enough to punish heresy but not sacrilege. Elizabeth, to her surprise, was able to defeat Philip. "The business of the Armada was to her what Bannockburn was to the Scots, or Majuba to the Boers"; for in those splendid days England herself was a small nation! Then came the Stuarts, who with their great minister, Strafford, "a frustrated Richelieu," brought the house tumbling down and let in the Puritans, who "were above all things anti-historic like the Futurists in Italy." Englishmen are brought up to believe that their supreme act or crime was cutting off the head of the King. Henceforth they will know better: "For another far away in the western shires cut down that thorn of Glastonbury, from which had grown the whole story of Britain."

Of the Edict of Nantes we are told only that the English persecutors never had so tolerant an edict to revoke. Of Irish history we catch snatches which persuade us that Mr. Chesterton is also the long-awaited historian of Ireland. The contrast between William of Orange and George is a real addition to historical thought. Wallace, Washington, and Joan of Arc are instanced "to suggest an eccentric magnanimity which surely balances some of our prejudices." England canonized Joan before Rome did, kept Wallace's memory green, and never failed to give Washington the highest compliment in her power—that of being an English gentleman. For the rest, Chesterton has high phrases with which to heroify Nelson, Cobbett, and George Wyndham; and, besides alluding to such national documents as *Treasure Island* and *The Hunting of the Snark*, makes scholarly references to the Seven Champions of Christendom, the Vicar of Wakefield, Mr. Bumble, and Robinson Crusoe. Of the general style we can only say that there are sentences so John Bullish, so frankly downright, so free from the irritating trick of paradox, as to merit being called—Chestertonian. S. L.

Two American Biographies

THE Memorial volume to *Andrew J. Shipman* (Encyclopædia Press, New York) records the life of a Catholic layman, similar, say, to that of the late Mr. Birkbeck among Anglicans. Mr. Shipman, an American convert and lawyer, attracted by the Oriental rites brought by emigrants across the Atlantic, devoted his life to their care and preservation in America. It is interesting to learn that there is no better field for studying the various rites of the Church than in the chief cities of the United States. Not only are Orthodox and Uniate present in large numbers, but the followers of the rarest rites are to be found awaiting organization. Turkish massacres drove the Armenians over, while Copts were first brought to America in order to provide Oriental setting for the stage. Mr. Shipman's mining work led him to study Czech; and, later, to find a vocation in assisting Catholic adherents of non-Latin rites. His holidays he spent with zeal among the Slavic peoples of Europe. He organized the Ruthenian Church in New York. He brought a holy stone from Jerusalem for the first Syriac Church, and he banned the Russian Bishop's claim for the legal title of "Russian Greek Catholic Church." He exposed all Protestant use of Greek rites for purposes of proselytism, the most curious being the action of a Presbyterian Board in providing a whole pseudo-Mass for Greek emigrants. A Protestant Ruthenian catechism and an "Independent Greek Baptist Church" were other hybrids he discovered. A learned and fighting liturgist, he worked a field of his own. Appropriately, at his funeral in 1915, the burial service of the Greek rite was used for the first time in an American Church of the Latin rite.

The Life of the *Very Reverend Charles McKenna*, missionary and apostle of the Holy Name, written by Father Daniels, O.P., from the Catholic University, Washington, though unsparing in its opportunities of edification to the Dominican Order, preserves for us a grand and rugged character. What Father Tom Burke was to Ireland, Father McKenna has been for a generation to Catholic America. In a country which delights

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in the statistics and catalogues of revivals, we note the 700 missions given by this intrepid Friar, and the million of members in the Holy Name Society which he built up. His was a wonderful life, from the day the poor Irish lad landed in America to work as a stonemason, to its close, last year, when Cardinals and Bishops paid visits of honour to his cell. S. L.

IN *The Nature and History of the Bible* (Furst Company) the Right Rev. William Aloysius Fletcher, D.D., of Baltimore Cathedral, supplies a handy summary of the teaching of the Church on the subjects connected with Holy Scripture. Naturally enough it does not contain much that is new; the nature of the subject matter precludes that; but it is complete as far as it goes, and will be found valuable as a book of reference by those who, not having the time or the ability to read larger works, have to meet difficult questions with answers not concisely set forth elsewhere. The author has done well to treat his subject in a constructive manner, and to avoid mere controversy—the most effective controversy is generally the clear statement of the teaching of the Church. Accordingly he follows fairly closely the regular and traditional arrangement of the argument for the authenticity of the Bible, the necessity for revelation, and the difference between revelation and inspiration. In a good chapter on the nature of inspiration, always a difficult subject for those who have not been trained in theology, the human side is carefully stated, although the argument would have gained in clearness had it been less rigidly cut down to the general scale of the treatise. A particularly valuable part of the book is its account of the Latin Versions, the *Itala* and the Vulgate. But the author hardly does justice to the variety of forms in which the *Itala* has come to us, a variety which makes it difficult to speak of it as a single version at all, each of the chief manuscripts providing so many and important variations. The possibility, indeed the probability, that there were several early translations into Latin, from which these variations are derived, is

Alsace-Lorraine

barely touched upon. From the ancient versions we pass to the Vulgate, and here we have perhaps the most generally useful and valuable portion of the book. The sense in which the Vulgate version is declared to be authentic is carefully stated, and the various revisions of the text instituted to guard against the corruptions which could not but creep into manuscripts passed from hand to hand, are accurately described. An account of the important work now being done under the charge of Cardinal Gasquet closes the volume. A. S. B.

A MERICAN views of a wide question may be studied in Professor Starr Jordan's *Alsace-Lorraine, a Study in Conquest*, written the year before the war; and in Professor Downer Hazen's *Alsace-Lorraine under German Rule*, written in the year of America's entry. Professor Jordan then saw the hovering war cloud, a condition "France can do nothing, and Germany has done nothing, to abate." He hoped the provinces would afford a bond between France and Germany, as Canada between England and the United States. Partition seemed to offer no more remedy than in Ireland: "There are German-minded people in almost every commune, but there is no German-minded district." German speakers are often more Gallic than the French. It was hoped that a pacific solution would yet reconcile "the strength of Hermann and the courage of Roland." There has been an Anglo-Irishman; but the type of Franco-German is not yet discernible, except perhaps as it occurred to Heine. Professor Hazen sternly sums up German misrule, and points out that "the history of Canada and of South Africa would have proved instructive. But, as Balzac said many years ago, there is one instrument the Germans have never learned to play. That instrument is liberty." A *plébiscite* he does not admit: "It must never be admitted that might can change a condition of right by creating a new right." He notes finely that the statue of Liberty outside New York harbour is by Bartholdi, an Alsatian. The moral is not lost on Americans. S. L.

Some Recent Books

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S criticism of Lady Gregory's *Cuchulain of Muirthemne* (John Murray) set me thinking about early Irish literature and its translation; and I shall now endeavour to show how far that criticism of the work of one who has done as much for Irish Letters as Lady Gregory is justified, and to indicate what a definitive translation from early Irish should be. To this end, I shall point out, first of all, the main characteristics of Irish writing, wherein style, as Matthew Arnold said fifty years ago, is a distinguishing feature.

Before considering prose style, it will be necessary to say a few words about early Irish poetry, because certain of the forms and devices of poetry appear in prose; indeed the Irish sagas are written in a combination of prose and verse. Anyone who looks at Kuno Meyer's *Primer of Irish Metrics* will see at once how numerous and complicated are early Irish poetic forms. The German scholar distinguishes four main groups of these, in one of which are three subdivisions. Early Irish poetry has alliteration, consonance, and often rhyme of a most intricate character; while the poets adopted the convention of beginning and ending a poem with the same, or part of the same, word. If they were unable to manipulate their lines so that the first word came naturally at the end, they wrote this word beneath the last line, in order to show that the poem was complete; and the presence or absence of this word tells the reader whether he has or has not before him a complete poem. Early Irish poetry is most difficult of translation even into prose, not only because it contains many words of uncertain meaning, but from the frequent use of what is called in French a *cheville*, a phrase with little or no bearing upon the context. Some early Irish poems contain enough *chevilles* to make it difficult to find the trend of the meaning. Add to this an extreme fondness for expressions so terse as to be entirely obscure, and the difficulties that lie in the path of the translator become well nigh insurmountable—particularly for him who wishes to translate into verse.

The first object of a translator is to give an idea of the

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beauty of the words and form of the original, in language and form which should have as nearly as possible equal beauty and distinction. Much foreign verse cannot be translated into English verse without sacrifice of the thought and beauty of the words ; adequate translation must, therefore, be into prose. The Irish language is far richer than English ; there are many shades of expression that English has no words to convey ; for instance, in one text I remember coming upon a series of ten words or more, every one of which meant a different form of death. What in Irish can be expressed in a word or two, frequently requires many English words. A marked feature of poetry written in early Irish is the use of parallel rhetorical structure, nouns in apposition, verbs in the same tense and number. These characteristics are almost impossible to convey by direct translation into English verse ; either the beauty of the words is lessened or the peculiarly Irish turn of structure is done away with.

Many of the characteristics of early Irish poetry are present in prose. Both in poetry and in prose is shown the talent of Irish writers for choosing words which give colour and suggestiveness to their work ; for instance, the horses of Cuchulain run so fast that they catch up with the wind in their flight. In prose as in poetry there is the use of picturesque adjectives and descriptive phrases giving that touch of " natural magic " Matthew Arnold found the predominating quality of Celtic literature : " And they lifted up dense, vast, huge, dark-red, and flaming forests of stout-shafted, martial, fire-edged spears " ; " For it was better for them to find death protecting their fatherland than to be under bondage and tribute as they had been." " Magic," says Arnold, " is just the word for it—the magic of nature ; not merely the beauty of nature, that the Greeks and Latins had ; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism,—that the Germans had ; but the intimate life of nature, her weird power and her fairy charm."

Alliteration is a distinguishing feature of early Irish prose, not only in the lists of names, but in the regular

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course of narrative, as illustrated by the following passage about St. Patrick, from the Book of Armagh: "Disin dulluid intaingel cuci ocus asbert fris is friabinn aniar ata tesérge hicúil maige." In later texts, alliteration sometimes becomes over-elaborate, and the effect is monotonous and cloying, as in the Irish of the passage about the spears, which I translated above: "Et rothogbatar doiredha, dliuthe dighainse dimora, donnruada derglasrach da craisechaib crannremra curata coigrindi." From the quotations already made, the use of parallel rhetorical structure, the balancing of noun against noun and adjective against adjective, will appear an integral part of early Irish style.

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of Irish style, and one which persists in the English spoken by Irish people to-day, is the frequent use of the verb "to be"; Irish writers favour constructions where this verb is necessary. The late P. W. Joyce, in his *English as we speak it in Ireland*, points out that the construction "in which the position of the predicate as it would stand according to the English order is thrown back" is "general in the Irish language, and quite as general in our Anglo-Irish, in imitation or translation." The quotations he gives to illustrate this nearly all make use of the copula, as in the following examples: "It is bound I should be"; "It is to lose it I did"; "'Tis to rob me you want"; "Is it reading you are?" The last feature necessary to be noticed is the neglect of the main thread of narrative in telling a story; important happenings are often cursorily referred to, and important details (particularly when picturesque) elaborated. Thus it is frequently difficult to tell what a story is about, characters appear and disappear unheralded, and a new story seems pieced on to an older without attention paid to whether or not the additions harmonize with what has gone before.

Such are the salient features of a literature which, from the point of view of craftsmanship, compares favourably with any in mediæval Europe. In any translation worthy the name, these characteristics must be preserved together

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with the beauty and colour and spirit of the original, as the sea-shell encloses the sea. How, then, has Lady Gregory written her two books, *Cuchulain of Muirthemne* and *Gods and Fighting Men*, wherein she has told for modern readers the stories of the two great saga cycles of Irish literature, those dealing with Cuchulain and with Finn? In the preface to *Cuchulain of Muirthemne* she says that, being ignorant of Old and Middle Irish, she has pieced together her retelling of old tales from the translations of various scholars. Well and good, provided she has kept in this retelling enough of the characteristics of the vernacular literature to give the tang of the original. But this, as Mr. Moore points out, Lady Gregory has not done; she has weakened the parallel structure, the suggestive adjectives and phrases, and the terseness of the Irish. An illustration leaps to my hand on the opening page of *Gods and Fighting Men*, at the close of the second paragraph, where we read of the "Cauldron that no company ever went from unsatisfied." The original Irish, translated in the *Revue Celtique*, has, in place of the word "unsatisfied," the word "unthankful," a word of entirely different meaning, and one which gives far greater suggestiveness to the phrase. The Irish sentence has literary distinction, and Lady Gregory's rendering has not. Another instance of the weakening of the structure and the consequent loss of nobility of style occurs in the same story, where Bres, the unjust king, has been driven from Ireland and comes to tell his story to his father:

There was sorrow on his father then, and he said: "What was it, drove you out of the country you were king over?" And Bres said: "Nothing drove me out but my own injustice and my own hardness; I took away their treasures from the people, and their jewels, and their food itself. And there were never taxes put on them before I was their king." "That is bad," said his father; "it is of their prosperity you had a right to think more than of your own kingship. And their good-will would be better than their curses," he said; "and what is it you are come to look for here?"

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In the *Revue Celtique* the literal translation is given as follows :

His father was sorrowful at him. Said the father : "What need has brought thee out of the land in which thou ruledst ?" Bres replied : "Nothing has brought me save my own injustice and arrogance. I stript them of their jewels and treasures and their own food. Neither tribute nor eric was taken from them." "That is bad," said the father. "Better were their prosperity than their kingship. Better were their prayers than their curses. Why hast thou come hither ?" said his father. "I have come to seek a champion from you," said he. "I would take that land by force." "It should not then be gained by injustice if not by justice," said he.

Lady Gregory has destroyed the balance of the original, and taken from it both its strength and resonance. Another example is the description of the Fairy maiden, Etain, from page 91 of *Gods and Fighting Men*, opposite a literal translation that I made myself when I read the story in Middle Irish :

LADY GREGORY.

He was going one time over the fair green of Bri Leith, and he saw at the side of a well a woman, with a bright comb of gold and silver, and she washing in a silver basin, having four golden birds on it, and little bright purple stones set in the rim of the basin. A beautiful purple cloak she had, and silver fringes on it, and a gold brooch ; and she had on her a dress of green silk with a long hood, embroidered in red gold, and wonderful clasps of gold and silver on her breasts and on her shoulder. The sunlight was falling on her, so that the gold and the green silk were shining out. Two plaits of hair she had, four locks in each plait, and a

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

He came across the meeting-place of Breg Leth, until he saw the maiden at the edge of a spring. And she had a very bright comb of silver chased with gold ; she bathing in a silver vessel, and four birds of gold thereupon, and as bright as a little gem, a carbuncle, the rim of that vessel. A waving red mantle about her, a fair cloak with a cord of silver and a golden brooch in that mantle over her breast. A long hooded smock about her ; this hard, smooth, of green silk with gold threads and marvellous clasps on it ; gold and silver on the breast of that smock ; namely, so that to men the shining of the gold in that green silk was

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LADY GREGORY.

bead at the point of every lock, and the colour of her hair was like yellow flags in summer, or like red gold after it is rubbed.

There she was, letting down her hair to wash it, and her arms out through the sleeve-holes of her shift. Her soft hands were as white as the snow of a single night, and her eyes as blue as any blue flower, and her lips as red as the berries of the rowan-tree, and her body as white as the foam of a wave. The bright light of the moon was in her face, the highness of pride in her eyebrows, a dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, the light of wooing in her eyes, and when she walked she had a step that was steady and even, like the walk of a queen.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

apparent in the sun. Then her hair was golden yellow on her head and a braid with four strands in each plait and upon each lock a globe of gold.

Then that maiden was letting down her hair to bathe; and her two hands out through the armholes of her smock; and was as white as the snowfall of one night each of her two hands; and were as red as the foxglove of the mountain her two cheeks. The teeth in her head shone like pearl. Each of her two eyes was blue as the hyacinth. She had red slender lips. Very high, smooth, and white her two shoulders. Her lower arms soft, smooth, and white; her fingers long, very white; her fair nails pinkish. As white as snow, or the foam of a wave, was her side — slender, long, silken. Smooth, soft, white her thighs. Round, hard, white, her two knees. Straight were her two shins. Her feet slender, white as a wave. Even were her two eyes, harmoniously fair; her two eyebrows the shining blue-black of the black beetle about her eyes.

The objection may be made that Lady Gregory's avowed intention in her two books of translation was to retell the old stories that they might be understood and appreciated by her Kiltartan neighbours, to write what she calls "living speech," and not to put the stories into a form suited only for a more cultured audience. But it is certain that her books have been read by many, seeking,

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for the first time, acquaintance with early Irish literature, readers in cities and towns of England and the United States, who have turned to Lady Gregory for the best modern versions of the old tales. That she, consciously or unconsciously, aimed at such a wider audience, is indicated by the prefaces to both books, written in each case by W. B. Yeats; the first preface beginning, "I think this book is the best that has come out of Ireland in my time," and the second, concluding, "I need say nothing about the translation and arrangement of this book except that it is worthy to be put beside *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*. Such books should not be commended by written words but by spoken words, were that possible, for the written words commending a book, wherein something is done supremely well, remain, to sound in the ears of a later generation, like the foolish sound of church bells from the tower of a church when every pew is full."

It seems to me unwise for Lady Gregory, even though writing for her Kiltartan neighbours, to have altered and weakened, or, as she would say, "simplified," the retelling of the ancient Irish sagas. The stories were written by forbears of these same Kiltartan men and women, and it is to be assumed that their modern descendants could appreciate the imagery and craftsmanship of a literature written by men who had, though a superior education, at least a common nationality with those who to-day inhabit the homestead rather than the monastery and the palace. That the English now spoken by the country people of Ireland, beautiful though it be, does not render the Irish of past centuries, should be evident to anyone who has lived in Ireland and has read literal translations of the old stories; there have appeared many colloquial expressions with no basis in the Irish idiom which forms the backbone of Anglo-Irish speech. Take, for instance, the expression, "Let you," which I found the other day in a poem purporting to give a dialogue between St. Patrick and Oisín. The equivalent of this is found neither in Old nor in Middle Irish.

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Synge has proved to how great an extent the merely colloquial may be pruned from Irish English and the structure and beauty of traditional Irish preserved, the ephemeral cast aside and the permanent retained. The language of the second act of *The Playboy of the Western World* and of *The Shadow of the Glen* forms a notable instance of this ; passages here might have been translated from an Irish scribe of centuries ago. Early Irish writers were conscious literary artists. It is doubtful if their work can be translated into what Lady Gregory calls "living speech" and still preserve the beauty of the original. The work of the best educated men of ancient Ireland should not be translated into the language of the least educated of their descendants, but into the most beautiful English possible ; the best English to-day should interpret the best Irish of the past. As a canon of art this seems to me almost self-evident. Certainly it is a canon which would never be ignored in translating from any other literature into English.

Lady Gregory has erred, therefore, in *Cuchulain of Muirthemne* and in *Gods and Fighting Men*, by not distinguishing between the possession of centuries and the accretions of a few years : early Irish can be translated only into English having the authority of long literary usage, not into the colloquial speech of the market-place, no matter how full of modern local colour. But even though her translations have not attained that finality the popular voice has ascribed to them, Lady Gregory has done inestimable service by calling attention to the Irish stories and telling them connectedly for the first time. She has given a vision of beauty. What matter if it be seen only from far off, appearing as through the wrong end of an opera-glass ? Those who love early Irish may be heartened to plough more deeply in the field whither she has shown the way, to employ a living speech having behind it the quickening power of the past, the clear understanding of the present—and, by these qualities, a certain hope of immortality.

N. J. O'C.

Some Recent Books

IN his *Unity and Schism, the Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1917* (Mowbray), the Rev. T. A. Lacey considers the meaning of schism—a question that naturally concerns him much. The seven lectures treat of The Fundamental Idea, The Episcopal Theory, The Papal Theory, The Sectarian Conception, Independency and Denominationalism, Intercommunion and Federation, and Brotherhood. Appendices give the original text of St. Ignatius' words on the Episcopate, the Vatican Decrees on the Church and the Pope, etc. The object of the lecturer seems to be to show that, since no bond of peace exists, we must seek one; and after maintaining that none of the "theories" examined holds out any hope of a solution of the difficulties which divide Christendom, he finds solace in the thought that men at least desire unity. Thus, when speaking of Brotherhood, in his last lecture, he says, "Here is the hope of our day." Mr. Lacey is a phrase-maker. He can lightly allude to "the record of the Papacy," which "is in the main good." He can vaguely refer to the frequency with which Antipopes have arisen; and can take for granted that "it is not upon the Petrine texts that the papal theory stands, but upon an interpretation of the texts." He can with facile tongue belittle the Church by saying that the papal theory results in the Church being "narrowed to a sect."

There are two lectures in particular to which those who are familiar with the writer will instinctively turn, those it is facile to term "The Episcopal Theory" and "The Papal Theory." In the former, which alone we shall examine, Mr. Lacey reasserts that St. Cyprian used the expression *Cathedra Petri* in quite an unusual sense, as denoting the Apostolic authority in the abstract; Peter had a unique mission, the "Keys" were entrusted to him, the Church was built upon him; but "the other Apostles afterwards received exactly the same powers and equal dignity; a beginning was made from one, for the purpose of putting emphasis on the real unity of their commission. The Apostolic authority is therefore denominated *Cathedra Petri*." Mr. Lacey adds: "This

Unity and Schism

use of the term is almost peculiar to St. Cyprian." He goes on to develop this theory: "He (Cyprian) represents the whole Apostolic company as seated with equal right in the Chair of Peter, and he passes on at once to treat the bishops of his own time as their successors in that place of dignity. Each several bishop, therefore, occupies the Chair of Peter, and the unity of the Church depends on the relation of the faithful to their appointed pastors." Mr. Lacey knows, however, that in a letter to Pope Cornelius there occurs a passage which runs counter to this interpretation of St. Cyprian. In that letter St. Cyprian complains that the schismatics, Felicissimus and Fortunatus, "dare to take sail and to carry letters to the Chair of Peter and to the Principal Church whence priestly unity took its rise; they do not reflect that those (to whom they are appealing) are the very Romans whose faith was eulogized by the Apostle and to whom faithless perfidy can have no access." It would be hard to find a more explicitly "Papal" passage. How does Mr. Lacey evade it? By the time-honoured expedient of declaring that these are not Cyprian's own words, but a quotation he is making from these very schismatics: "These words are commonly taken to be Cyprian's own, but they are in violent disagreement with what he immediately proceeds to say. He denounces this action . . . as based on a pretended inferiority of African bishops. His angry protest is incompatible with the recognition of any *principalitas* . . . We know his opinion about the origin of the *unitas sacerdotalis* . . . to find the source of it in the Roman Church would be contrary to his express teaching. We know in what sense he spoke of the *Cathedra Petri*, and it would be against his use to place it specifically at Rome." In other words, his theory about Cyprian conflicts with the latter's express statements—so much the worse, then, for the statements!

As one reads, one is tempted to ask whether it is all quite straightforward. Has Mr. Lacey got his tongue in his cheek as he writes? Is he not thinking: "There's a nut for the Romans to crack!"? We say this because

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there is an air of jauntiness about the lectures which seems to preclude earnest desire to discover the truth. The lecturer seems too clever to be perfectly candid. And, after all, these attempts to use St. Cyprian as a stalking horse are so old ! Mr. Lacey must know perfectly well how minutely St. Augustine analysed the whole "Cyprian question," and how he pointed out to the Donatists that Cyprian was a two-edged sword, capable of inflicting more damage on the Donatist who wielded it than on the Catholic he hoped to slay. Then, too, the very doctrinaire statements about the appeal to "the throne of Peter and to the principal Church whence Unity has taken its rise" are as old as Dr. Fell of doggerel-rhyme fame, for he says : "In the judgment of the Blessed Martyr (St. Cyprian) those are held to be 'desperate and ruined men' who deem that the authority of the African bishops is inferior to that even of Cornelius himself who then occupied Peter's Chair at Rome." Mr. Lacey must have read St. Augustine on St. Cyprian ; but we will take leave to remind him of one or two things which St. Augustine remarked in passing when treating of this question : "Let men consider but this one point which is clear to everybody : if St. Cyprian's authority is to be followed, then it is much rather to be followed in his efforts at preserving unity than in any effort at changing the Church's customs. Further, if it is question of the Council he held, then that must give place to the later Council of the Universal Church of which he gloried in being a member." And again : "How do you dare to name the Blessed Cyprian ? As though he was the author of your sect—he who was so strenuous an upholder of Catholic unity and peace ! You must first of all be in the Church which we know Cyprian upheld and preached ; only then can you dare to name Cyprian as the inspiration of your ideas. You must imitate the piety and humility of Cyprian before you can talk of the Council Cyprian held." Lastly, are we sure that we have Cyprian's real teaching ? It may sound a strange query in these days ; but Mr. Lacey must be well aware that St. Augustine

Croce's Logic

on at least three occasions suggests that it is open to question.

H. P.

IN *Logic as the Science of the pure Concept* (Macmillans), Mr. Douglas Ainslie completes his devoted task of translating the "three-decker" philosophy of Benedetto Croce. The other volumes, bearing equally forbidding titles, were *Æsthetic as Science of Expression and General Linguistic* and *Philosophy of the Practical (Economic and Ethic)*. The whole inspiration—we do not imply an absence of personal acumen or originality—comes from the Absolute Idealism of Hegel. In consequence, perhaps, Mr. Ainslie reminds us in the Preface, of the "bestiality" of the "foul-souled Teuton," and of the Scotch descent of the German Kant. "I think," says the translator, "that this logic will come to be recognized as a masterpiece in the sense that it supplants and supersedes all Logics that have gone before, especially those known as formal Logics . . ." A little further he adds that "the prestige of Aristotle is not wholly to blame for the survival of formal Logic." The traditional Logic of the schools, in other words, is challenged, criticized, and sometimes laughed out of court without a hearing. Between Hegel and Aristotle, in spite of Lord Haldane's effort in the *Pathway to Reality*, there reigns absolute and enduring incompatibility.

Signor Croce, speaking of his own philosophy in the Preface, says: "Above all it relieves the student of philosophy of the terrible responsibility—which I should never wish to assume—of supplying the truth, the unique eternal Truth, and of supplying it in competition with all the greatest philosophers who have appeared in the course of centuries." It removes from the student at one and the same time the hope of achieving a definitive system and the fear of any lightning in the shape of new fact or new idea which might strike his code in ruins. It is a "dynamic system" which teaches the ephemeral and provisory character of all "static codes."

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How far Signor Croce wanders from the traditional ways of thinking may be gathered from one of his own summaries: "The result of the preceding inquiries into the constitution of the cognitive spirit can be resumed by saying that there are *two pure theoretic forms, the intuition and the concept*, the second of which is subdivided into *judgment of definition and individual judgment*, and that there are *two modes of practical elaboration of knowledge . . . the empirical concept and the abstract concept* from which are derived the two sub-forms of *judgment of classification and of judgment of enumeration*." If anything were needed to silence us it could be found in that other remark: "Philosophy and history are not two forms (of the spirit), they are one sole form; they are not mutually conditioned, but identical." They are "distinguished" for "didactic purposes."

It is impossible briefly to summarize Croce's "Logic." In it, as he says, "the three terms *Reality, Thought and Logic* and their relations could be represented by a system of three circles, the one included in the other . . . The first circle would be Reality, which Thought (the second circle) would think, in the same way that it would in its turn be thought in the third circle, formed by Logic, the Thought of thought, or the Philosophy of philosophy."

Croce is original, challenging, defiant. He is not too human as a philosopher, not too lucid as a writer. Phrases like the "gnoseology of pseudo-concepts" offend both eye and ear. He is not happy in interpreting other systems, whether they be Scholasticism, Pragmatism, the Mathematical Logic of Russell, Frege and Peano, or what he calls "logicism" or "mythologism." He is at his best in treating of error as a stepping-stone to truth. He is at his worst in his references to Christianity, and, indeed, to all religion which he misunderstands profoundly. "Philosophy" is not "the true religion." It is not even religious. Moreover—we commend the point both to author and translator—true philosophy is rational without being rationalistic. It forgets its high calling if it con-

Organism as a Whole

descends to break a lance for the rationalists in their anti-Christian campaign. Wisdom is not spoken by partisans.

J. G. V.

JACQUES LOEB'S *Organism as a Whole, from a Physiochemical Viewpoint* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) offers an example of all the merits and all the defects which belong to works of its class. Coming, as it does, from a very distinguished biologist, the leading spirit in the now declining band of anti-vitalists and materialists, it is of course a book in which biologists will at once recognize wide knowledge and research. But if we are able thus to compliment the author, we cannot but express our blank astonishment at the gaps in his philosophical equipment.

First let us deal with the curious confusion between proximate and ultimate explanations. An *obiter dictum* will serve as an example. Speaking of the Copernican Theory, he says, "The anthropo- or geocentric view came to an end when it was shown that the motions of the planets were regulated by Newton's law and that *there was no room left for the activities of a guiding power.*" Surely, if philosophy is an attempt to explain the universal order of things by their ultimate causes or principles, no more ridiculous sentence was ever penned. Yet it is absolutely typical of a confusion which appears time and again in these pages. They present, besides, an example of the narrowing influence produced in many persons by intense laboratory work, with the result that they not only cease to look out from their windows on living beings, but even omit to consider the most important contents of their very own laboratories, through whom and for whom these very laboratories exist—namely themselves. It is impossible that they should seriously contemplate themselves and at the same time subscribe to the doctrines set down in books like these, that there is nothing in life which cannot be chemicophysically explained.

Much argument is reared around the behaviour of the ovum and the spermatozoon, as to which we have

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learnt a great deal in the past fifty years. But there are still enormous gaps in our knowledge. We know that parthenogenesis occurs normally in certain forms; we know that it can be artificially brought about in some cases by physical or chemical stimuli; we suspect that certain teratomata in the human female, perhaps even rarely in the male, may be attempts in the same direction; but what does all this amount to? Very little, most people think; not much more than what someone has called the "fairy flowers" of Leduc. Are the facts of fertilization explicable by chemistry? If so, the chemists surely ought to be the first to claim that distinction for their science. Well, do they? Let us ask one of the most distinguished organic chemists of the world, Sir William Tilden. What is his reply? "Consider again," he says, "the propagation of the animal races by the sexual process, and there can be no fear of contradiction in the statement that in the whole range of physical and chemical phenomena there is no ground for even a suggestion of an explanation." And, by the way, he goes on to say a little further on in his book, that "too much has been made of the curious observations of J. Loeb and others on the supposed fertilization of the ova of sea-urchins."

No one doubts that multitudinous processes, explicable by chemistry and physics, do take place in living organisms; no one wants to deny the wonderful doings of hormones—the fashionable explanation of the day. It is quite likely that adrenalin is associated with feelings of anger; it is more than possible that some other hormone is closely associated with the sexual instinct: what of that? Are rage and lust the only mental characteristics of man? Are they even those over which we linger with most affection and pride when we examine into our own minds? St. Paul had clear vision on this point and summed it all up in the words: *Video autem aliam legem in membris meis repugnantem legi mentis mei*. Consciousness is not a hormone, nor a tropism, nor a tactism, nor any other chemical or physical "ism." The conscience, that moral law within, which excited the admiration of Kant as it

Shells as Evidence

must of every thinking man, is not explicable by a chemical formula, any more than are the Sonnets of Wordsworth. We may find plenty of proximate explanations for the lower or physical life of the body, but not ultimate. Above all, we do not find even a proximate, still less an ultimate, explanation of the Organism as a Whole. The vitalistic theory—call it mystical if you like, for a name does not kill—stands untouched; and so do the arguments of Driesch therefor. We are not in the least impressed by Loeb's attempted reply to the polemic of the "Science and Philosophy of the Organism," and we were amazed at his failure to note the really fundamental point in the Wolffian experiment on the eye of the newt—namely, that the lens, which is normally an epiblastic organ, is abnormally and experimentally regenerated from the iris, which is of mesoblastic origin. Nothing can explain away this pregnant fact, at least nothing which is now within the ken of science. We say this from the purely scientific standpoint because, though some have foolishly thought otherwise, the question of vitalism is in no sort of way involved in theological questions any more than is that of abiogenesis. Whichever is true, vitalism or non-vitalism, biogenesis or abiogenesis, you do not get rid of the necessity for a Free Cause. It is the inability to see this, or the fact that it has never been brought to their notice, that leads to the confusion existing in the authors of books like this—books full of value from the biological point of view, but devoid of value on the philosophical.

B. C. A. W.

IN Mr. Wilfred Jackson's recent work, *Shells as Evidence of the Migrations of Early Culture* (Manchester University Press), will be found a very erudite account of the uses to which certain sea-shells are put—(the cowrie, as money, for instance, is familiar to everybody)—and the customs and associations which have grown up around them. This in itself is a valuable contribution to knowledge; but of greater importance is the light shed on a thorny question long debated by ethnologists. When we

Some Recent Books

find a story or an unusual custom in two or more distant localities, and are convinced that these have been where they are from very early times, are we to suppose that they have had a common source or that they have independently originated? Where the tale is an obvious one, such as the parable of the body and its members, which is not only Biblical but found in other sacred writings, it is easy to suppose that it may have occurred independently to different people in different parts of the world. But when we see that there are something like three hundred and fifty variants of "Cinderella" scattered all over the world, or that, in quite remote places, far divided from one another, what we call "The Man in the Moon" is supposed to be a hare or a rabbit, a legend which underlies the immortal tale of "The Tar Baby," then it becomes difficult to believe that such ideas can have had other than a common origin.

Mr. Jackson debates this point with great knowledge and skill, beginning with the question of the purple dye extracted from shell-fish (chiefly *Murex*) and subsequently dealing with the conch and chank, "old Triton's wreathed horn"; pearls and pearl-shells; and cowries and their uses. Not everybody who has heard of "Tyrian purple" and read of the remarkable industry in that dye associated with the names of Tyre and Sidon, is aware that the secret of the shell-purple seems, like so many other secrets, to have first been discovered in Crete. From that place it spread to all the shores of the Mediterranean, a fact easily understood. It spread to England and Ireland; and, as it was known in Asia and in South and Central America, it must have spread to those parts of the world unless it was there independently discovered, as, of course, it might have been. When, however, we place side by side with these facts the other remarkable things which are detailed in this book with regard to other shells, it becomes clear that the dissemination theory offers the only tenable explanation. It is impossible to see how otherwise we can account for the fact that the conch-shell is the emblem of the Moon-God in India and in Mexico, or that pearls

Shells as Evidence

were thought to be congealed rain-drops by Pliny in ancient Rome, by the Venerable Bede in England, and again in India; or why they should be placed in the mouths of the dead in India (as cited by Marco Polo more than six hundred years ago), in China (where the custom is said to be founded on a desire to procure light for the soul, that it may be conducted safely along its paths in the dark beyond), and in North America.

In fact, as the author himself summarizes the evidence he has accumulated, "all the cultural uses of shells are intimately related the one to the other. In whatever part of the world shells are employed for such purposes, the same peculiar and wholly arbitrary significance is attached to them. They confer the blessings of fertility in women and crops. They cure sterility and facilitate parturition. They bring good luck in games and more serious enterprises. They avert the evil eye. They secure the preservation of the dead and bring resurrection and life. They are the parents of mankind and the dwelling-places of gods. They can summon the gods to be present at ceremonies of initiation, at deaths and burials, in battle and in harvesting. Whether as cowrie-amulets or blasts upon the shell-trumpet, they are used to convey messages of war and death, or to summon the people from agricultural occupations, or to greet important strangers. As medicine they can restore the "soul-substance," the loss of which is responsible for illness or death. These remarkable attributes of shells are found widespread in the Old World and in the New, and afford most positive and unequivocal evidences of the migration of early culture along certain well-defined routes around the earth."

In taking leave of this most interesting book we offer our thanks to the author for the excellent index that is supplied.

B. C. A. W.

THE *Catholic Social Year Book*, published by the Catholic Social Guild, has this year (the ninth of publication) a special and challenging title, *A Christian*

Some Recent Books

Social Crusade. It starts from a consideration of the scheme for Social Reconstruction put forward by the Interdenominational Conference of Social Service Unions. This includes representatives of the ten most numerous religious bodies in the country, and the preparation of the scheme took over a year. In this the C.S.G. took a notable part, and the *Year Book* elucidates, and adds certain Catholic elements to, the compressed and religiously speaking uncontroversial Statement of the Conference.

The *Year Book*, in a series of chapters following one upon "Christianity and Social Action" in general, deals with the basis of Christian Social Reform, the Living Wage, Housing, Employment, Recreation, Marriage, Education, Duties, and the Family and the State. We feel we shall be doing a better service to this book, which should be in the hands of every intelligent Catholic of this country, by emphasizing two considerations which throughout underlie it, than by any detailed review.

First : Europe is faced by a social crisis unparalleled in history, partly based upon an economic crisis, and certainly destined to produce a political one. Reconstruction may be possible ; construction is absolutely imperative. Now we cannot build haphazard. Principles are needed, and who is to supply them ? The world war has led many to think that no future, constructed on the old political lines, contains tolerable promise of regeneration. The social outlook, which is still wider, offers no ray of light if it is to reproduce our retrospect. In the past we have had no principles for a long time, at any rate, no Christian ones. Many are asking, What *are* the Christian ones ? We must have them, and quickly—who will tell us what they are ? At least they cannot do worse for us than our past plans ; they may serve us better. Catholics believe they possess them ; and they experience an unparalleled readiness in their countrymen to listen. Therefore, Catholics must study their possessions, hold them with conviction, and be alert to show how they can be used. Study and the practical application of its results, are the twofold duty of all Catholic patriots, no

A Christian Social Crusade

less than of all Catholics to whom Europe and, indeed, humanity at large are, for Christ's sake, dear.

The next point is that of the so-called Interdenominationalism. It is an ugly and ambiguous word, which we have grown to dislike because of its educational associations. But in the present case its ominous signification is absent. For Catholics are required not only to possess, but to apply. They have to teach the nations, and this nation. That means that they must approach, mix with, and, if possible, work through their fellows. In doing so they may doubtless have to submit to talk about "the Churches," and to hear the equivocal though rarely discourteous phrase, "*Roman Catholic*," applied to them. They may tactfully have to elude prayer in common. But if they are to heal, they must be known as doctors; they must be called in, at least for consultation. If anything, the danger is not that Catholic social workers be contaminated by naturalistic or socialistic ideals, but that non-Catholics should be frightened by the lead that alert and instructed Catholics tend to take. For men are perishing for lack of principles, firmly asserted, and logically worked out. They are only too glad to get them, and it is perhaps disconcerting to find them available from Catholics if from no one else. It is best to say this frankly. In another department Catholic military chaplains have proved that, right or wrong, Catholicism is the only religion that works. Catholics must prove that to the nation at large, and also, that Catholic principles are the sole force which shall prove, even socially, regenerative.

C. C. M.

REVIEWERS often have a detestable phrase, that they "don't know how to place" the book they are dealing with. Luckily we do not wish, for neither were we able, to insert Gerald Warre Cornish's *Beneath the Surface* (Grant Richards) in any category. It consists of six short "stories," and a long one which gives the book its name. It would be easy to dwell on the great lucidity,

Some Recent Books

almost French, and the "unselfishness," almost Cæsar-like at times, of the author's prose; on his extraordinary sense of atmosphere, conveyed through no exhaustive catalogue of details, but by the luminous selection and emphasis of the dynamic ones; on the human sympathy which lets him know the thoughts and speak the words of such different men and women—the farmer's daughter; the stowaway Hull loafer; the fox-hunting J.P. It were easy, too, to insist how with an amazing economy of phrase, though with nothing of the mordant irony of Mr. Maurice Baring, he recreates scenes from Roman and Greek life, and Mæcenas and Xenophon pass, well alive, through his pages. After all, Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's Introduction, very delicate in touch, yet firm of outline, says nearly all that can or should be said in the way of literary criticism. And it is he who insists on Mr. Cornish's "integrity of imagination" and trust to his intuitions, which justifies itself by the solidity it gives to all that he describes. It is he, too, who warns us that the author must not be pressed "too hard for definite meanings," such as rendered the old allegories to our feelings so vulgar, save when, of course, a genius like Bunyan told them.

Yet a mystical faith is everywhere, even in the most objective of these tales, apparent. We have to point out, though Mr. MacCarthy already hints it, that the "sufficiency of the actual," described with so much "relish" in the sketch of Horace in his favour, is felt by the author as *insufficient*; irony is most apparent in the story of the Stowaway; the greater the Empire, the more perverse its social structure is seen to be (but there is no preaching, not even such as Tolstoi's, whose influence is here marked). The Conservative J.P. sees, still more explicitly, his world in danger of dislocation; and the Atheist, even better than the poet, realizes, at death, that his scheme of things is, or must be turned, "upside down."

But we are conscious of shirking, like most reviewers, the last story. And no wonder; for we are most of us like the average educated folk, or, at best, the "analytical

Beneath the Surface

thinkers," who were so infuriated by Fin Lund, the unscholarly explorer, who went to map out the Euphrates for a Germanized Levantine Company, and hoped to find, and did, the Garden of Eden and the Tree of Life. It is not enough to say that, like Mr. Algernon Blackwood, in the *Centaur* or *Incredible Adventures*, Mr. Cornish is convinced of the huge undercurrent of universal life with which our small existences may come in contact. He believes that passionately. He believes that fear to trust one's self to that life is the deadliest, most fatal, that is, of sins; yet it is clear that he acknowledges matter to be in some relative sense evil, and to be resisted; the true current of the river flows counter to the Euphrates; the ship in which we sail strains and creaks beneath the opposing forces; the humbler of its oarsmen leap overboard appalled; even for the conqueror, an agony has to be passed through in sense and thought. Here we find ourselves in touch with the nobler exponents of Christian Science and, perhaps, Theosophy. It is felt, by these, that each triumph of mind, or will, or "soul" over visible creation, may lead to a victory universal and incredible in implication. That in all this the rival doctrines of Monism or Manichean Dualism, best harmonized in philosophic Buddhism, are an abiding peril, who fails to see? But assuredly it is the duty of our theologians to study with new and serious attention our consecrated dogmas in their relation to the yearnings and stammered utterances of so very many of our generation, and of those to follow us, disgusted with materialism, and avid for that "Life" which Christ came to give us "more abundantly." Fin Lund had constantly, in his eyes, a "baffled" look. Of Mr. Cornish's portrait—for though he forbade biography, we are free at least to study the features shown us here—dare we say that it too, in its subtle refinement, gentleness, and spirituality, has a shadow in it of the world's grief in unattainment, if not of downright tragedy? If but such souls could meet their guide! Partly because of the enormous importance of the tendency which Mr. Cor-

Some Recent Books

nish so gravely emphasizes, we have dwelt long upon this strange book; partly because, having been killed in France, on September 16th, 1916, he has, we trust, rejoined that friend to whom he was bound by ties of a true brother's love, Mr. Reginald Balfour, assistant editor of this REVIEW in 1902. We dare not fail gratefully to link in its pages these two memories.

C. C. M.

DR. ALPHONSE MINGANA writes, from The John Rylands Library, Manchester :

I read with pleasure your review of my *Some Early Judæo-Christian Documents*, and, in examining my copy of the original, I found that your suggestion of a "homoioteleuton" error in the two quoted passages of the life of St. Clement, is marvellously correct. The omission is due, as you have so ingeniously surmised, to the printing office of Aberdeen.

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